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No. 144.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

Grandmother's face is wrinkled,
And her eyes are getting dim,
So she can not read her Bible,
Nor follow through the hymn.
And her step is growing slower,
Her voice is sometimes faint,
But it never will get weak enough
To make a sad complaint.
Her hands are sometimes idle,
For knitting tires them so,
But her brain is always busy
With thoughts of Heaven, I know.
She is thinking of her dear ones
A little way ahead—
Just at the end of the journey
Her weary feet must tread.
I think, sometimes, as I watch her,
She sees them; for a smile
Breaks over her face, and she whispers,
"Yes, dear, in a little while."
Her face will lose its wrinkles,
And the dimness leave her eyes,
And grandmother will be young again
In the land beyond the skies.
It always thrills me strangely
When I think of her, standing there,
At the gates of Heaven, knocking,
When her feet have climbed the stair—
And the key is turned in the portal,
The gates swung open wide,
And she passes into Heaven
And the peace on the other side.
To meet her husband's kisses,
And to hear him softly say,
I have waited a long time, darling,
For this happy, happy day!"
Yes, grandmother will be young again,
Though her heart was never old,
When she goes to dwell in the City
Whose streets are paved with gold.

Iron and Gold:

OR,

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESS-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARS,"
"THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

NIGHT-OWL PROWLERS.

"What isn't to love, if love has no return?
'Tis better to have all than half of none!
And if responsive love refuse to burn,
Then best to bid the passion's dream begone!"
ANON.

Not very far from the Public Landing, at foot of Jefferson avenue, St. Louis, we single out a dwelling—or uncouth building that barely deserves the name—a house that had long remained shut, and was apparently tenantless.

The houses on either side of it were empty, because rumor told of strange sounds that were sometimes heard issuing from the ghostly edifice.

Entering an alleyway—narrow, damp, and black till one could scarce see his hand before his face—those who were "posted" discovered a door in the side of the establishment, far in the rear. This door opened into a kind of entry that was narrower and darker than the alley without.

Then there was another door, through the keyhole of which shot a slim ray of light to guide the comer, as he groped warily ahead.

At last the nature of the place is ascertained, by passing this second door—to find oneself in a large, square, closely-cased room, rather brilliantly lighted by a number of lamps that were fixed in brackets around the walls, and whose reflectors were polished to the smoothness of glass.

Within this room were assembled, at least, a dozen men. Some wore blue check or red flannel shirts and heavy boots; others wore better dressed; though, in all, a motley gathering of "long-shore roughs" and coarse-visaged boatmen.

At one side was an apology for a bar, presided over by a burly fellow whose eyes were keen as daggers, whose countenance was fierce as it was ugly, and whose muscular frame was gigantic.

The men were seated at boxes, and on boxes, engaged with dice, dominoes, cards and checkers; and small piles of money were being constantly swept in by a lucky winner.

Liquor flowed freely. It was evident from the rolling eyes, red noses, and thick whispers—that many were already feeling the warmth of the whisky kept here; yet there was not a loud word, not one sound of noisy tongues, for all knew the value of a guarded speech while gambling in the mysterious and unlicensed den.

Daniel Cassar—or "Big Dan," as he was called—the proprietor of the rendezvous, was leaning with his elbows on the counter, and his bristling face resting in his hand, brown hands, surveying this sociable company.

Presently a hand ascended—so many fingers were displayed; and Dan proceeded to hurry forward the liquor called for—whisky, only whisky, always whisky, for it was the sole staple-stimulus.

As he set the waiter and cups on the box beside the party who had ordered the treat, two men entered at the door.

Dan's eyes brightened, and, while he nodded to them, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, significantly.

"How's this?" said one, questioningly. "Where's Jake?" The door's open to the police, as well as anybody else."

"Jake's sick," replied the giant. "There ain't nobody to stand guard, 'cause I have to be in here. No danger, I guess. Go in there"—with another motion of the thumb—"Ruby's been a-waitin' for you."



Ruby sprung to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the sleepers in the rooms beyond.

The two men immediately advanced to a portion of the casing behind the counter, and disappeared through a door that worked upon concealed hinges, and which gave ingress to a secret apartment beyond.

Hardly had these parties gone out of sight, when Big Dan started to a listening attitude, and raised one hand to invoke strictest silence.

He had detected a stealthy footstep in the passage, and knew it could not be one of the initiated and regular customers of the place.

"Hist, boys!—jump, there! Police!" he exclaimed, in a hissing whisper—and, instantly, a man sprung toward each lamp, while he turned the key silently in its well-oiled lock.

Quick as thought, the lights were extinguished. In concert with this movement, Dan grabbed up the glasses that were setting round, placed them on the counter, and then knelt down to press a spring in the floor.

A hand tried the door-knob, and a low voice on the outside said:

"There's somebody in here. But the door's locked."

"Kick 'er in!" suggested a second voice.

As Dan pressed the spring, the bar, with all it contained—for dice, cards and all were deposited upon it by prompt hands—glided swiftly and noiselessly downward.

With the agility of monkeys, the men crept to the hole thus made, and Dan, uttering a snake-like hiss to guide them, leaped down to the counter, and thence to the earthen floor of the cellar.

There was a shuffling of feet, much jostling—but not one word; and when all were down, the trap closed over them, with a sharp click.

And none too soon. The door was kicked open with a spiteful quiver, and a lantern flashed in, discovering three policemen, who carried cocked revolvers half-raised.

But they saw only an empty room, containing a few innocent-looking and un-suggestive boxes.

"I'll swear I saw two men come in here, not five minutes ago!" exclaimed one, while amazement was depicted plainly in his features.

"And I'll swear I saw a light coming through this keyhole!" supplemented another.

"Say," suggested the third of the trio, crowding closer to his companions, "look-a-here—I heard a noise in this room—I'm sure of it."

"So did I."

"And I."

"I believe it's a haunted house, after all," continued the timid individual, tremblingly.

The three exchanged glances. The words were not without effect.

Each experienced a peculiar sensation—a half-start, half-chill.

"But," said the first, whisperingly, "I've been watching this old ranch for forty-eight hours. I tell you I've counted fourteen men and a woman come in here since sundown."

"All ghosts," ventured No. 3, with a wise look.

Again each glanced into his companion's face.

And, as if to augment the superstitious feeling that was fast seizing them, there sounded a loud, long, unearthly laugh, coming from the story above.

"Ha-a-a-a! ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!" rung the wild, weird, startling scream, piercing their ears, with its sharpness, like a razored knife.

It came with such suddenness, the effect was so electrical, that the lantern slipped to the floor, and put itself out as it crashed and jingled on the boards.

"Lord deliver us!"

"Look!—look there!" blurted he who had first mentioned the presence of spirits.

Directly opposite to where they stood was a gigantic skeleton, whose bones and skull seemed to be ablaze and smoking.

"Bang! bang! bang!" went the three revolvers, in rapid succession.

And, as the bullets sunk harmlessly into the casing, there was another laugh, issuing from beneath their feet—this time, deep, guttural, mocking, accompanied by a series of faint tapping sounds that drew near along the floor, like the heel-thuds of an invisible something approaching.

Frightened, preyed upon by a superstitious dread, they turned and fled, bumping, excitedly, against one another, as they dashed from the house.

Half an hour subsequent to the visit of the police, a figure emerged from the alley—this one followed by two more; and one of the last that came was a female, who wore a hooded cape and close-fitting garments of black.

She crossed to the opposite side of the street, and moved rapidly away; the two men followed after.

It was a long walk she led them; one, two, three miles—and, at last, she paused before a narrow gateway in the wall that inclosed the garden at the rear of Cyrus Winfield's residence.

They meant to enter here, for one of the men advanced to the bars, and began to tamper with the lock.

"Perry!" spoke the female, inquiringly. "Well, Queen Ruby?" returned the man at the lock.

"Make haste, or we may be discovered."

"It is fastened tight—curse the hand that turned the key!" and he gave the bars a wrench as he growled the words.

But main force would not accomplish their ends. It was not until they had tried

a bunch of keys—which the second man had brought—that they effected an opening.

No one was in sight. The hour was growing late, and the vicinity was deserted.

They stepped quickly inside, being careful to close the gate after them, and skulked behind a luxuriant evergreen that grew near.

"Wait here till I return," ordered she called Queen Ruby.

She left them in the shadows of the bush, and made her way cautiously toward the veranda, when a bright light streamed out upon the grass, and the outlines of two forms fell across the sward.

With the step of a cat, she gained a position behind a screen of foliage in the small conservatory, and looked in upon Cyrus Winfield and his son.

She was in time to hear much of the dialogue between the two; and the rays from the chandelier, as they shone on her large, dark, lustrous orbs, showed those eyes gleaming with a peculiar sparkle, when she heard the old gentleman say that his every cent was deposited in the large desk in the office-library.

"It will soon be mine!" she muttered, sotto voce. "Soon you will have none at all, Cyrus Winfield; and then let us see if your son will not court the smiles and favors of Ilde Wynn! O-h! how I am loving you, Hugh Winfield! And you shall love me, if there is virtue in woman's charms, and if you are not stronger than other men. Ay, you may despise me—both; you may speak sneeringly of her who dares not mingle where you mingle; but, I do not hear it—I am deaf—for I am loving you, Hugh, as woman only can love! You shall be mine—and it will be strange if I can not teach you to forget your prejudices!—sh! he is going."

She saw Hugh leave the parlor. She waited and watched, in her concealment, till patience threatened to desert her.

After awhile Cyrus Winfield went from the parlor, and she heard his step ascending the stairs.

When the servant came to shut and fasten the veranda door, those two starry eyes intently noted his every movement; and when he put out the lights, and sought his bed, it was with the feeling that his nightly duty had been well done, and that the slumbering household was secure.

Perhaps an hour passed. Then a set of nimble fingers undid the fastenings; the woman's form slipped out, and toward the spot where her companions waited.

"Perry!" hissed a voice in the bush. "Tis time. Come on—come, Neol."

The three glided forward through the gloom.

"Perry—there is a rich prize for you in the library."

"How do you know it?" asked the guard-voice.

"He told me so a half-hour since; though he had no idea of an eavesdropper."

"Told you where his money was—is it?"

"Yes."

"Satan favors thieves!" commented the man. "Lead on, Queen Ruby—to the library. Step with care, Neol."

"Ay," responded Neol.

They entered the veranda.

Perry paused here, to light a dark lantern; and when he had thrust this underneath his coat, they continued out to the broad hall, turning toward the staircase, with Queen Ruby leading the way.

CHAPTER V.

"COUNT ON ME!"

"When'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
Oh, bright-eyed Hope! my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow."
KEATS.

At the moment the three spectral figures came out of the den, and started off up the street, a man was standing on the other side, directly opposite the alley.

When they were out of sight, this party glanced searchingly around him, as if to make sure that he was not spied upon, and, then crossed over.

He entered the alley. As he neared the door, in the side of the house, a man came out—paused for a moment on the rickety stoop—then hurried away.

The new-comer drew back into the deep gloom of the place, and waited.

"There are more to come," he thought. And he was right. The business of the den was broken up for that night, and Dan Cassar was dismissing his guests.

One by one they came out, with a few minutes of space between each—until all had departed.

The watcher waited a long time, after the last skulker had disappeared, and, as no more came, he presently advanced to the door.

"It is bolted,"—trying the knob, and finding it fast; and he gave two low, signaling raps on the panel.

The knob was recognized. Dan replied, by opening.

"Halt, there! Who is it?" came guard-edly from the interior.

"I—Mandor."

"Come in, then."

The comer stepped inside the dark passage, striking a match as he went, and proceeding like one, who, knows his ground well.

When Dan had rebolted the door, he followed on the heels of his visitor, who paused in the side-room, and said:

"How's this, Dan?—you've cleaned out."

"Yes, The police was here awhile gone—"

"Ah!"

"They party near caught us, too. Jake's sick, an' so we hadn't no guard. The

phosphorus skeleton sneered 'em off; and Ruby clung up in the wall an' let out that wild laugh o' her'n. But, go into the room, there."

The sliding panel in the wall-casing—through which, in our last chapter, we saw the two men vanish—led to a secret apartment; and to this Dan and his visitor continued on.

The room was small, and admirably concealed. There were no windows; but a large flue, at one side, afforded sufficient ventilation. Up this flue was a ladder leading to the back of a fireplace in one of the second-story rooms; and from the fireplace, Queen Ruby had vented the strange, unearthly laugh that forced the confusion and retreat of the three policemen.

There was comfort displayed in the furniture; and in a corner was a rich couch, on which the giant was wont to stretch his huge limbs in nightly slumber.

Dan motioned the other to a chair, and drew up one for himself.

"Yes, it was a purty *plus* shave, Mandor. An' now, the next thing 'll be a invest'gation. I must clean out to-morrow night."

"I would do so, if I were you, and quit this kind of business. A man who has accumulated as much money as you have, ought to buy himself a genteel house, and live right. Are you not tired of it?"

"Well, yes, *kinder*," replied the bulky fellow, half turning his head, and screwing up his thick-lipped mouth, while he gazed down at the carpet. "But, you know, there's a old *saying*! 'once a thief, always a thief.' An' I'm afraid Dan Cassar won't ever 'fit' in a good position."

"Take my advice, and try it. But, now to business."

Dan's visitor was a man somewhat over forty years, rather thin in feature and limb, and very pale—but broad across the shoulders, and with eyes that would seem to read the inmost thoughts of another, when conversing. There was a constant expression of sadness in his face, and the lips had not smiled for years.

With his last speech, he looked very grave; and gazed steadfastly into the countenance of his companion.

"Business?" repeated Dan, inquiringly. "Well, now, you don't mean to tell me 'at you've disinterested anything, have you?"

"That is precisely it."

"O-h!"

"I told you, fifteen years ago, that Calvert Mandor would find out certain things; and, at last, after a long, wearisome search, I believe I am on the scent."

"Go on," pressed the giant, interestedly.

"A strange fate has kept me from meeting Wilbur Kearn for nineteen years—ever since that night that you picked me up, a bleeding lump of flesh, by the roadside, and an emotional feeling swayed the speaker, just here, for he added, tremulously: 'I shall never, never forget what you did for me, Dan—how you so kindly nursed me through four whole years of darkness.'"

"There—there," interrupted Dan, raising and waving his great brown hand, "jest let up, if you please. I found you purty nigh dead for, an' if I'd been a worse feller 'n I am, I couldn't 'a' let you lay there 'an' die. So, never mind that 'ere portion—jest go on."

"Well, resumed Mandor, after a brief pause, "as I said, I've not seen Wilbur Kearn for nineteen years. I knew—as you did—that he had married my wife, but she had every reason to believe me dead, and so I don't blame her—no, I don't blame her. To-day, though, I *see* Kearn. I knew him, despite the time that has elapsed since we last met."

"O-h-o! An' did you buckle onto 'im right off?"

"Wait. Some nameless influence prompted me to follow him, without speaking; and he led me to the office of Dr. Onnorram."

"The man 'at you hate, and 'cho's' hated you ever since you was both little babies."

"Yes."

"An' what else? Go on."

"I dogged him into the house. When he entered the office, I listened outside the door."

"Hear any thing?"

"Enough to convince me that Theophilus Onnorram possesses secrets which I must learn."

"Ah-hum!" Dan was deeply interested, and nodded his large head wisely.

"I heard Wilbur Kearn ask where *his* child was. Perhaps he can tell me where mine is."

"Praps 'e can," acquiesced Dan.

"He holds some great secret, that I know. Grasping at straws as I am, I will not let any hope escape me. Day after to-morrow I shall see him. It will be to him like the rising of the dead."

"Kunder!" put in the giant, with emphasis.

"Feeling as I do, that I can gain some information from him—for there is a strange, prophetic spurring in my breast—I will wing something from his lips."

"Yes—wing it outer 'im."

"If I fail here, Hugh, I will see Kearn afterward. I know where he lives, for I tracked him to his home."

"Good."

"But I do not think I shall fail. If Onnorram will not speak straight, I will even go so far as threats, and try what the power of fear can do. He has felt what my nature is, in my younger days, and knows that I will not trifle. Will you aid me in the latter case, Dan?"

"Aid you?" He looked into Mandor's pale face for a second, and then answered, while he quietly bared and held aloft his brawny, muscular arm, and doubled his sledge-hammer fist. "Do you see that 'ere arm, 'at 'ere fist?—'at has licked more men in a year 'an you could reckon? Jest count on that, Col. Mandor, whenever you hev' need for 't."

"Thank you, Dan, thank you. That's why I came here—to ask if I could rely on you. For," he added, sadly, "I am all shattered and weak, now—not strong and defiant as I once was. I have never recovered from that terrible fall, and," his voice sinking to a huskiness, "the news that aided in robbing me of reason."

"No," said Big Dan, shaking his head slowly. "You were always weak and pale like, ever since that 'ere time."

"But, stop. It makes me wretched to dwell upon the past—even when it affords me a relief to speak of it. Let us say no more of it. You will stand by me, you say?"

"You can jest consider me engaged," with a nod.

"Then, I'll see you in the afternoon, to-morrow. Will you meet me at the corner of Biddle and — streets."

"I'll be there."

"And I'll let you know what has happened. Now I'll go."

Dan went with him to the door.

"Be careful like, now; them police is worse 'an hawks."

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night."

As Cassar returned to the secret chamber, and drew off his boots, preparatory to retiring, he was muttering to himself: "He's a real square chap, Mandor is, an' I won't be found wantin' when he says I can help 'im. Stut! stut! stut! I wish he could find that little gal of his'n."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROBBERY.

"Withering—withering—all are withering—
All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nurs'd—
Flowers of love too early blossoming;
Buds of Ambition too frail to burst!"

—HOFFMAN.

HUGH Winfield, from his position at the library window, watched the dimly discernible forms that were approaching the house in a way which boded no good intent.

"What can it mean?" he asked himself.

"See—they enter the veranda. There's every float. Ha!—thieves, as sure as heaven. I will alarm the household."

He left the window and hastened toward the door.

But, ere he could lay his hand on the knob, he caught the sound of a tip-toeing step on the stairs.

He paused irresolute. Should he dash out and give the alarm, or could he match these intruders with his own strength and put them to flight?

There were but two, he thought; and while standing undecided, the door was pushed gently open.

He had barely time to draw back, when a figure brushed past him, and was closely followed by another.

"Give me the lantern, Perry," said the first that entered. "You and Neol rummage the desk, while I guard, and turn the light on."

"Villains!" cried Hugh, bounding forward.

He dealt a telling blow, for Perry reeled up against the wall, venting a horrible oath that was drawn out, part by pain, part by anger.

But the young man was deceived in the number he expected to deal with.

No sooner did he strike than he was grasped from behind by an unlooked-for foe, and Neol plinked his arms scientific-ally, while he hissed: "Up here, Perry! Choke the fool!"

Perry regained his feet in an instant; and ere Hugh could realize the trap into which he had thrown himself, he was being strangled by a set of iron fingers, while he was held powerless in Neol's vise-like embrace.

He could not cry out; he could not resist.

His senses began to swim; he knew they were killing him and all as silently, as surely, as if the scene had been rehearsed.

In vain he tugged and strained, till his face purpled with exertion.

Ruby spring to the door and closed it, that no possible noise might awaken the sleepers in the rooms beyond.

In doing this, one quick ray from the lantern flashed across her eyes.

For a second the suffocating man, by a superhuman effort, forced his throat from the mad grip of his assailant.

"Those eyes! those eyes!" he articulated in a gulping, gurgling voice; and then consciousness left him—he sunk limp and heavy in the arms of Neol.

"Anybody up?" were the first whispered words of Perry, as he turned from the motionless, lifeless form.

"Sh!" Ruby invoked silence, and the three listened.

But, all was still.

"No," she said, "all's quiet. Come—now for the prize."

They bound and gagged the young man, and when he was rendered utterly helpless in case of recovery, they proceeded to the business of the night.

It was the morning subsequent.

Hugh had been found and liberated at an early hour by one of the servants, and contentment spread through the house when he narrated what had occurred.

It was fortunate for him that insensibility came when it did. It had saved his life. Had he struggled much longer, the grip Perry fastened on his throat would have clung there till death ensued.

Cyrus Winfield was striding to and fro in the parlor, white and haggard, and running his fingers through his disheveled hair, as he groaned aloud, in mental agony.

He was a ruined man! The robbers had done their work thoroughly.

In his room, Hugh Winfield sat like one in a melancholy dream. A friend had called, only a few moments previous, and to him—an old, tried associate—Hugh had unbosomed his mind, telling of every thing that was then eating at his heart like the gnawings of a poison-fanged serpent.

"Look here, Hugh, you talk like a jack-ass, if I must say it! What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"Those eyes! those eyes!" murmured Hugh, absently; "only one such pair of eyes in all the world! I have gazed into them too often to be mistaken. They were Zella's eyes! They were Zella's!"

"If you keep on this way, I'll report you as a subject for the mad-house! Behave yourself!"

"I saw them plainly by the light of the lantern," went on the other, as if he were dwelling solely on the tableau of the night gone.

"It's simply a case of insanity! Your mind is full of this girl, and that fact, coupled to your father's desires, has tended to upset your ideas. But, psaw! you know you don't really care anything for Zella Kearn."

"I tell you I do!" interrupted the young man, in a sort of frenzy. "I tell you I love her—and I never knew till now how much, how madly!" He pressed his hands to his throbbing temples, and stared, half-wildly, downward.

"But you will soon forget her—"

"Never—never—so long as I live!"

"It is a mere fascination, which time will cure. I've seen you 'taken' with pretty faces before, you know."

"Call it what you will. My heart yearns for her! My whole soul is in misery! Oh, God! what shall I do?"

"Do your duty," said his friend, a little sternly. "Forget that Zella Kearn ever lived."

"Impossible!"

"Save your father from this abyss of

trouble, by winning the hand and fortune of Ilde Wyn."

Hugh looked hard into his friend's face. He became calm, as he asked:

"Is it right that I should make myself miserable for life, in order to secure the peace of one who would be content to see me so?"

"The case will not bear question," reasoned the other. "I am an old friend of yours, Hugh, and I tell you your duty lies in the course I have named. Besides, think of your mother; it would be hard—ay, death to her—to assume a life of drudgery, after being accustomed so long to the ease of wealth."

"Don't speak of it—don't! You will drive me mad!" and his voice broke in a husky, tremulous whisper.

"Have you any cause to believe that Zella Kearn loves you?"

"None—none; and that is why this fire in my own heart is fanned till it has made me fairly desperate."

"There is no great harm done then. Give Zella up at once, and turn your whole nature toward Ilde Wyn. Have you ever seen her?"

"No."

"I have. She is a beautiful girl; and, by-the-by, she is enough like Zella to be her sister—only one is a dark blonde, and the other a brunette."

There was a long pause.

"Yes, I will do my duty," Hugh said, at length, with his glance still bent thoughtfully on the carpet, while the words fell slowly from his lips.

"That's right."

"But must see Zella once more. I must bid her a long farewell."

"I wouldn't go near her again, if I were you; it may make matters worse."

"No—I must. Don't protest; 'tis useless. I must look into her sweet face once more—for the last time," and then he moaned, passionately, as his head sunk to his hands.

"Zella! Zella!—oh, how I wish you could be mine!"

Half an hour later he ordered his horse, and started away from the house.

He looked into the parlor as he passed out through the hall, and beheld there the scene of wretchedness—the sad scene of his father's harrowed mind.

And this seemed to strengthen him in his resolution to bid Zella Kearn a farewell forever, for he compressed his lips tightly, and clenched one fist, while his eyes kindled with sympathetic emotion.

It was a long ride, yet he did not urge his animal, for, long ere he escaped from the city, busy thoroughfares, and entered the smooth, quiet road, he was absorbed in a painful meditation upon the sacrifice he was about to make.

He knew now how ardently he loved Zella; perhaps he might never have been convinced of it, had not this ordeal been presented—perhaps, would have lived on under the nameless spell she seemed to have involuntarily woven round him, and which, of itself, was hard to be endured, because of its very strangeness.

"Zella! Zella!" he broke forth, as the horse walked slowly on; "oh, if you only knew what I am compelled to feel, you would wish, at least in sympathy, as I do—that we had never met! May God forgive me, if I have ever done or said too much, that would tend to win your love!—for it is enough that I should be so miserable, without your sharing it."

Speaking thus, he aroused from his absent state, and jerked the reins.

The spirited animal leaped forward into a brisk gallop, bearing its rider onward toward the cottage home.

"After all," he thought, "the affection is only on my side; then let us see if I can not be more of a man, and bring the iron of the Winfield nature to my aid."

But, ah, how mistaken he was!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 143.)

Madame Durand's Protesges;

OR, THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

Nor one of the household at the manse slept that night. The servants who were not engaged in the active search for the missing bride, grouped together, and whispered over the old traditions attaching to the unhappy fate of the Durands.

But never had such a casualty as this befallen one of the house.

Deaths there had been, sudden, appalling, but never a bride spirited away in the first hours of her wedded joy; never a husband left desolate before the nuptial kiss had ceased to thrill upon his lips.

Johnston had been sitting in his accustomed place in the hall below; Jean was gossiping with another of the maids at the foot of the spiral staircase, at the very hour when Mirabel so strangely disappeared. Not one of them had seen her. The only other means of exit was the servants' stairway at the rear of the manse, but the door communicating with this was locked, and the key in the housekeeper's possession.

Yet every corner of the upper portion of the manse had been searched, every nook capable of concealing a mouse had been explored, but Mirabel was nowhere there.

The acute sense of his sudden affliction sent new strength into the wasted form of Erne Valere. He rose up from his sick bed, and tottered through the rooms, white as a ghost, thin, shadowy, unreal, but with that fevered uncertainty of the something weird and horrifying which must have befallen Mirabel, he felt neither weakness nor fatigue.

But daylight came without one straw having been found on which to base a hope.

Then the younger detective, who still remained at the Fairview House enlisted by his principal in the search for Heloise Vaughn, was called to this new work.

And by means of his observations, trained as he was to note the minutest points, it became evident that Mirabel had not returned to her chamber after she had left her husband's side.

The detective had a theory of his own, which, after the manner of his class, he did not impart, believing that he should demonstrate it soon and thereby take all credit home to his own endeavor. He was not in possession of the facts which had hastened the marriage. He only knew that the whole immense Durand estates were involved in

its consummation, and he jumped at the conclusion that the lady had yielded to the dictates of necessity—perhaps force—and allied herself to one for whom she had no love. Arguing further, he convinced himself that to escape the restrictions of this presumably distasteful union, she had arranged and effected a secret flight.

That he was mistaken in his conjectures might have been proved to him had he but made his opinion known, but as it was he took up a false trail.

He observed the swinging casement that opened upon the balcony, to which easy access could be obtained from the court below. A light ladder easily removed would account for the seemingly inexplicable disappearance.

His thoughts were not suspected by those who had known her and her heartfelt devotion to Erne.

He made a careful inspection of the premises, and so he passed through the little dim anteroom, stooped to secure a knot of snowy ribbon from the red-and-black squares of the paved floor.

"She wore it," said Erne, chokingly, extending his hand for the tiny tie which had fluttered at Mirabel's stately throat.

And the little white tie was all that was found to trace her presence beyond the door which had closed her out from her new-made husband and the group of friends, when she left them on the preceding evening.

Valere held it as he stood in the chamber now devoted to his occupancy, the room which had been Madame Durand's during her life. Some of his effects had been removed there, but in other respects the apartment remained unchanged.

"My dear sir," said Dr. Gaines, who still remained at the manse, "you must take some rest now. You must not suffer a relapse. I know how impatience and anxiety are wearing upon you, and you must not let them wear you out."

Erne shook his head sadly.

"I shall never rest until this mystery is cleared away. But I will try to restrain my impatience, and take all needful precautions to insure my speedy recovery. I feel neither fatigue nor weakness now, but for the sake of avoiding prostration hereafter I shall be careful. Don't ask me to remain quiet—inaction would madden me, but depend upon it I will not overtax my powers to endure."

The doctor's mind misgave him, but he knew how useless it would be to remonstrate. He watched Valere as the latter crossed the room to a little plain trunk, and from it a quaint old casket of some dark-stained wood. The lid flew back at touch of a spring, exposing a lining of faded crimson silk, its only contents a lock of long, disheveled hair, rippling and bronze-glinted.

Valere glanced up to catch the doctor's eye upon him.

"This," said the young man, touching the bit of hair reverently, "is all that I ever knew of my mother. And this little knot of ribbon is all that is left me now of my wife, my beautiful, noble Mirabel. The two sacred keepsakes shall rest together."

Ineffable sadness, heavier than the burden of bitter tears which in themselves are a relief, tinged the young man's tones.

He put the bit of ribbon tenderly down, and as he did so started violently at sound of the opening door. Every slight noise affected him in his state of excited suspense, and every sound seemed to herald news of his lost love.

It was Mr. Thancroft who came in, with no glimmer of hope illumining his face. And that nervous action of Valere's had sent the open casket ringing to the floor.

It was shivered to fragments by the fall, and in the midst of the fragments lay a heap of something—lustrous white and violet and golden gleams.

Erne picked it up with an ejaculation of incredulous surprise—a chain of alternate amethysts and pearls, suspending a locket of mediation shape, with a monogram woven in continuous lines of crushed gems—a V of amethysts and a D of pearls.

"It is not possible—it can not be the lost necklace—the necklace which of all the Durand jewels is the only missing piece?"

Mr. Thancroft pushed forward.

"It must be! Yes, certainly; that is the monogram."

He took the locket from Erne's nerveless hand, and fumbling it a moment, succeeded in finding the spring. It opened to disclose a painted miniature, the face of a man which Mr. Thancroft recognized from a portrait which hung in the gallery of the manse; but the face was younger, fresher, tinted with the very expression of life by the hand of a master artist.

"It is Mr. Valliers Durand," said the lawyer. "How strongly it reminds me of some one—is it you, Erne? I trace a resemblance, but it is indistinct when I look at you."

"Do you not see?" queried Valere eagerly. "It is the very counterfeit of Lucian Ware!"

So it was! The regular, perfectly modeled features, the deep violet eyes, the bronze locks, the firm curve of the lip, which marked an otherwise faultless face with the cruel hardness lurking there—all these were reproduced again in Lucian Ware!

"It must be only a chance likeness—a mere coincidence," said Mr. Thancroft, hurriedly. "Do not mention this discovery, either of you, but tell me, Valere, where did you get possession of this old casket?"

Valere released that scene from his childhood, which had come back to impress itself in such startling outlines upon his memory. He pictured the old casket in his baby hands, the little gold-tubed vial which lay within it, the woman who had watched him quietly at first, and then had snatched the vial away with an inarticulate, savage cry.

"The woman—who was the woman?" demanded the lawyer.

"I do not know; I can see her now when I close my eyes and concentrate my mind to the task of remembering; a tall woman with a harsh face, and a great mass of gold-bright hair, just touched with gray. I would know her should I ever see her again, but I can not remember the name."

"Was it Vaughn?"

"Vaughn?—no! What was it?—if I could but think!"

He knifed his brows in a strong effort to remember.

"I have a shadowy impression—don't speak! It is coming to me, I think. Helen—no! Heloise—Heloise—that is it, Heloise!"

"Heloise Vaughn!" cried the lawyer.

Valere looked surprised, and the other hastened to explain.

"The very woman whom Drake is search-

ing for now; the woman who had charged of Jules Durand's child."

"What a strange complication," said Valere, thoughtfully. "The little vial which I saw first so many years ago, I would be willing to take oath is the one which was found in the possession of Milly Ross, and I thought I saw it on the night of Madame's death in the hands of Miss St. Orme."

He had no hesitation in making known

effect of the poison upon the madame. Otherwise, she would have wasted away gradually, and seemingly died of a decline.

We pass over the details of the trial, and at its close find Ross—weak, indeed, but never criminal—triumphantly vindicated.

A new verdict was rendered, and this time the foreman's stentorian tones rung through the breathless, waiting people:

"NOT GUILTY."

Cheer after cheer broke from hundreds of throats; and North, whose indefatigable researches had brought about this result, sprung forward just in season to receive the fainting form of Ross as she tottered from her chair.

Poor, humbled Milly Ross! She could find no words to thank her preserver when she recovered from the giddy unconsciousness which followed the release she had well-nigh ceased to hope for.

She could only cover her pallid, worn face with her thin little hands, and sob in gratitude and contrition; for, during the weeks of her imprisonment, while the clerk strove to impress her with comforting hopes, while he engaged his utmost efforts of diligence and purse and mind in her cause, Lucian Ware had never once visited her cell, nor acknowledged her sacrifice and forbearance by so much as a word or token.

Blind, indeed, must she have been to remain ignorant now as to which might be her truest love.

"Don't cry so, Milly," exclaimed North, in distress, unconscious that tears were wetting his own honest cheeks. "Don't think that I'll trouble you, either, now that you're free; I love you too well to urge you to any promise against your will, my lass!"

"Oh, Henry, Henry North!" cried the maid, struggling to check her sobs. "I've not merited such love from you; but, if it's true that you care for me yet, I'll never say to you no again."

"Milly, lass! I've not even the hope of the little martin-box to offer you now."

Ross looked up, to read the explanation in his averted gaze and reddening countenance.

"You've spent it all in clearing me," said she, quickly. "I'm all too thankful to be spared for work, and to help you win it back again. I'll be faithful to you for all my life after this, Henry."

And that assurance was more precious to the humble struggling clerk than would have been a mint of gold.

That there was still something on his mind was evident, but he soon unburdened himself fully.

"I hadn't enough, lass, to put me through without breaking on the sum the madame left. I've saved you three hundred of it though, and I'll pay you back the rest—every cent of it. The legacy was meant for you, Milly, and yours it shall be."

In vain did Milly plead; North remained firm as a rock.

"We'll join our fortunes some day, please the Lord," said he, "when I get enough scraped ahead again. But madame's legacy must always be yours for a reserve, or whatever else you may like."

Fay St. Orme paused on the first landing of the spiral stairway. She had never quite overcome her awe of this place; she never made the descent without hesitating first, and grasping the balustrade firmly as she followed the course of the broad shallow steps. Especially as it grew near evening, when the golden gleams yet streamed in through the skylight at the top but left the bottom shrouded in uncertain shadow, did she shrink from the necessity which compelled her to traverse the winding way.

As she stood there looking down into the black depths shudderingly, she fancied that cautious steps were treading the rounds near her; but glancing up no one was to be seen in the lighted space above. Again the indistinct sounds sounded seemingly at her very side.

She glanced along the corridor at her back but no one was there. While she waited wonderingly, the door from the little ante-room swung ajar, and through the crevice she caught one glimpse of a face—the face of Lucian Ware. Almost instantly the door closed again without a sound.

Fay sprung forward to fling it back. The latch resisted her hand for a second, then the door opened to disclose the little room empty of any presence save now her own. She passed through hastily to the old madame's chamber—the one now occupied by Valere. It held no one.

Erne had gone this afternoon, in company with Mr. Thancroft, to Lyle Ridge.

Fay's first impression had been that Ware, not knowing his absence, had made his way unannounced to the other's chamber. She stood still trying to solve the puzzle.

She had seen Lucian unmistakably in the glow of the western light; and now, just as certainly, he was nowhere in these two rooms which had no door of exit except the one which opened upon the landing.

She was not generally acute in drawing deductions, but now a suspicion flashed through her brain with sudden bewildering force.

She went quietly out, and sped back through the corridor to her own room again. She snatched a voluminous, ash-colored cloak from her wardrobe and put it on hastily over her crumpled evening dress. She tied the broad brim of a gray leghorn hat under her chin that the shadow should conceal her features, and then stole noiselessly out without attracting the attention of any one within the manse.

Down the mountain path she sped and straight to the lodging of Ware. His door was shut, and no answer came to her repeated summons.

The heavy steps of his landlady shuffled through the passage below, and paused at the foot of the stairs which led to his apartments. She held a sputtering tallow candle in her hand, lighted newly, and by its inefficient rays tried to pierce the obscurity which by this time had gathered.

"Mr. Ware's not in yet," she called. "Ye can wait down here if ye like."

With that she receded into her own domain, leaving the candle sputtering from a tin socket pinned against the wall, and throwing a flickering glare over a couple of rickety chairs ranged in the passage-way.

"I'll not wait," Fay said to herself, with a quick compression of her lips not quite pleasant to see. It suggested the malice which a nature like hers will sometimes entertain.

But in the door she met Lucian, and paused.

"I've been calling on you, Mr. Ware; the 'not at home' I received was not purely conventional, I find."

"I was late leaving the office," said Ware, by way of explanation.

"Dew on his boots," was Fay's quick mental observation. "He never got that on the village pavement."

"I had a letter from mamma to-day," she continued aloud in sweetest accents. "I want to consult you, Lucian, that is if you will walk with me to the end of the street. I'll not take you further this time, I promise."

He stepped out to the walk by her side.

"Now, what do you suppose this precious mamma of mine has been about?" pursued Fay, in her honeyed tones. "Just think! she has actually 'went and gone and done it,' which is the little boys' version of some tiresome Latin proverb or other. She has married again without ever consulting me, the sole chick of her care."

"Ah!" said Ware, with languid interest. "Yes, married!" ruminated Fay, "to an unpronounceable German name, and hundreds-of-thousands of thalers to such an amount that my mathematical ignorance couldn't grasp it. 'Mamma had just got news of the madame's death and my disappointment, and writes for me to join her in Baden-Baden whenever I am so inclined.'"

"You'll go?" queried Ware.

"I've not decided quite," replied Fay slowly, inwardly raging at his evident unconcern. "The truth is, there's no very extraordinary affection existing between mamma and me. You see I was always regarded as an extra expense on her hands. I had to be clothed and educated, of course, and the allowance uncle St. Orme made her was really insufficient for all our needs."

"Then, I was just her style, and being twenty years younger always made her appear faded beside me—although I believe she was remarkably well preserved."

"It was purely to get me out of her way that mamma sent me here to this dull Fairview; and I don't suppose she'll be any more anxious for my rivalry in that charming Baden, where ladies need not necessarily be free from matrimony to assert their privilege of flirting. I've no idea that sweet mamma is at all in love with her old money-bags of a German husband."

"You might entangle a count or a duke, or something of that kind, you know," suggested Ware, so indifferently that Fay's heart and her hopes sunk together like weights of cold lead.

She caught her tongue between her glistening little teeth before she would trust herself to speak.

"Perhaps I might," she said, in the slow, modulated tones of meditation. "That's an enticing aspect of the case, I admit. Ah, here we are! Good-night, Mr. Ware."

He lingered to ask with assumed indifference:

"Is there still no trace found of Miss Durand?"

"Of Mrs. Valere? They're searching closely, but secretly too, so I can't positively say."

"Are you sure that you know nothing of her whereabouts, Mr. Lucian Ware?"

She put the question with startling distinctness, yet with such an air of pretty innocence and candor, that Ware studied her face doubtfully through the obscurity of the twilight before he responded.

"I—how should I know any thing of her?"

Fay flew up the rugged pathway when he had left her, breathless, wrenching her delicate hands in convulsive clasp, panting out disconnected ejaculations of anger, disappointment and malice.

"Ah, to think he could deceive me! He knows—it is surely his work. Lucian, oh, my love! Peste!—you should have known better than to scorn such love. I've little enough liking for the beautiful Mirabel or the saintly Valere, but to foil your schemes—"

"Oh, but you shall suffer a thousand pangs for every one you've sent home to me."

"You see, my very dear Lucian, I have one very great advantage over you—deep, intense mystery that you are. My love-passion ran riot for a time, but the flame began to flicker, and now you have quenched it out very completely indeed."

"It is better to be fickle, changeable, than to suffer the throes you must endure when your madness goes all to waste."

"The clew!—ah, yes! It is quite enough to put them on the track. Oh, Lucian, Lucian!"

Valere had accompanied Mr. Thancroft to Lyle Ridge, at the urgent request of the latter. There seemed nothing to be gained by remaining at the manse, and he cherished a vague hope that the woman, Heloise Vaughn, through her knowledge of the Durand history, might throw some light upon the mystery of Mirabel's disappearance.

Drake had gone before by another way. They were within a mile of the village of Lyle Ridge, when the detective, mounted for his return, met them with a crestfallen look.

"The bird's flown!" said he, doggedly. "She's given us the slip again, and I—well, I acknowledge myself the clumsiest fool in all Christendom."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 184.)

The Penny Saved.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"I CAN NOT give it up, even to please you, little wife. It seems to be a sort of necessity with me—one of the *must haves*, you know."

"No, I do not know, John. I have not the slightest objection to a cigar; indeed, a good one is rather pleasant to me."

"And I always smoke the best," interrupted John.

"Yes, I know you do, and, therefore, as I said, I have no objection to the cigar in itself, but, as we were considering what we must have, and what we could do without, it appeared to me that the cigar belonged to the latter class."

"Not at all, my dear. As we are just commencing life, (by the way, Susie, have you remembered that it is a month to-day since we were married?) and our income is small, it is quite right that we should make a rule to avoid superfluities, but there are some small articles of luxury which can not easily be dispensed with—this pretty bow, for instance," and he roughly pulled the coquettish little bow with which Susie adorned her hair.

"Be quiet, John; do not lose your manners because the honeymoon is out. Do you mean to say that, if I will give up the bow, you will give up the cigar?"

"By no means, Susie. I regard them both as necessities—used in moderation, of

course, I never smoke more than two cigars in a day. I will tell you what I will do, Susie!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "You may have just as much money to spend for ribbons as I spend for cigars. That is all fair, as you don't smoke. Take it out of the money which I shall give you for house-keeping."

"But, supposing I do not need it all for ribbons?"

"Oh, well, you can buy peanut taffy with the rest. I remember how fond you were of it when we went to school together."

"It was better than the 'chewing gum' that you generally kept in your mouth," was the laughing retort. "But, seriously, John, that is a very fair offer on your part, and I am glad to accept it. What is the price of a good cigar, such as you are in the habit of smoking?"

"Well, about fifteen cents; sometimes a trifle more, and sometimes a little less, when I buy them by the quantity, but that is about the average. And, now, I must be gone to my business, Susie. We are chatting the morning away." And, with his usual affectionate "good-by," John Marsh walked briskly down the street.

A thoughtful, busy little wife he had left at home. For a few moments after his departure she sat, with a bit of paper and a pencil in her hand, making a calculation which seemed to fill her with astonishment.

"It must be wrong!" she exclaimed, and once more she went over the neatly made figures. All correct, not an error to be found, and, with a merry laugh, the paper was placed in her pocketbook, and she turned her attention to the duties of the day.

Very pleasant duties they were, at least in her eyes. The home of her childhood had been a happy one, and there were many tender memories of father and mother, brothers and sisters; but they were not so very far away; she should see them at least twice a year, and, though she dearly loved that old farm-house in the country, it was really delightful to have a home of her own, and John to love and care for, even if it was in a somewhat close and confined street in the city. And then the apartments were so comfortable and convenient, and the money which her father had given her on her marriage had furnished them so neatly, that it was certainly a pleasure to live in them, and, in short, Susie considered herself the happiest of women, and intended to be the very best of wives.

"It should never be said that she ruined John by her extravagance."

He had a promising situation, but, as yet, his salary was small, and strict economy would be necessary to make both ends meet. The prudent father was of the opinion that the young couple had better wait until they could "take a fair start in life," but the more sympathizing mother said that "it did young folks good to begin together and work up," and, as usual, she prevailed, and the wedding took place, and now, a month subsequent to this important event, Mr. and Mrs. John Marsh were quietly settled in their new home, and ready to begin their married life in a small, snug way, quite compatible with common sense and true comfort.

"Ribbons and peanuts!" exclaimed Susie, several times in the course of the day on which our story commences. "Oh, John is so funny. I wish I could tell mother all about it, and, though there was no one to tell, her merry laugh still rung through the rooms."

Time passed on. John smoked his cigar in peace, and Susie's bows increased in beauty and variety, while peanut candy was occasionally seen on her little work-table, and John was jokingly invited to "help himself."

"Mother" had probably been told many little secrets, for Susie had passed a week or two at home during the summer, and now that autumn had come again, and "Thanksgiving" was drawing near, there were strong hopes that both she and her husband would join the happy family circle, which still clustered around the fireside in the old farm-house, for that day, at least.

"We really must go," urged Susie, "for they will all be disappointed if we do not, besides, it is the anniversary of our marriage, John. Hasn't the year passed quickly?"

"Very quickly, and very happily," was the cheerful reply. "Yes, we must go, if possible, and I will make every exertion to have it so. Let me see—just one week from to-day."

"Yes, to Thanksgiving; but we must leave the afternoon before. We shall get there by ten or eleven o'clock in the evening."

"Well, we will do our best," returned John. "By the way, Susie, can you make my overcoat look any better? It is pretty shabby, but I must make it last through the winter."

"Can not you possibly afford to buy a new one?" asked Susie, sympathetically, but with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"No, dear, not this winter. There are so many expenses, you know. We must be very careful, or we can not make both ends meet. Our old friend, Manning, who is in the clothing business, called me into his store this morning and made me try on a first-rate coat—just such a one as I should like. He offered to let me have it very cheap, considering the quality, and to wait until I could pay him conveniently, but I do not think it is best to take it. I dread being in debt, even to a friend."

"Certainly; so do I," acquiesced Susie. "What was the price of it, dear?"

"Thirty dollars, and it is well worth forty; it is such excellent cloth and so well made. But I shall not think of it again. You will attend to my old one, Susie?"

"Oh, certainly! I will do my very best to make it look well."

And Susie did so, but even her "very best" could not make the old coat look any more than *decently shabby*. John declared himself satisfied, however, and Susie so far agreed with him as to say that it would "answer the purpose very well."

This was a rather ambiguous expression, and John did not quite understand it, but made no remark. He would certainly have been enlightened if he had stood in his friend's clothing store later in the day and seen Susie as she entered and inquired of the obliging clerk if she could see Mr. Manning for a moment. That gentleman soon appeared, and, after a few moments' conversation with her, brought forward a handsome overcoat for her inspection, assuring her that it was the one which Mr. Marsh had tried on, and promising to send it to his address in half an hour.

"Very well, I will pay for it now," was Susie's reply, as she took from her porte-

monnaie three ten-dollar bills, placed them in Mr. Manning's hand, and tripped lightly away, evidently delighted with her purchase.

The week slipped quickly by. John's efforts were successful, and business was so arranged that he could leave on Wednesday noon and not appear again until Saturday.

"Even better than I expected!" exclaimed Susie, as he came in soon after twelve and told her the good news. "Now we will have a little lunch, John, and then we will get ready at once, and take the three o'clock train."

The lunch was hastily eaten—various little household arrangements completed—carpet-bag packed and looked, and, at last, came the happy moment, when Susie, in her neat traveling-dress, stood before the glass, actually trying on her hat.

"Are you all ready, John? Get your hat and coat, and give them a brush, that's a dear. I like to have you look nice when you go out with me, you know."

"I will do my best; but brushing will not make old clothes new," returned John, with a good-natured laugh.

He stepped into the hall for his overcoat, and Susie, trembling with delight, held her breath to listen.

"Hollo! What's this? Where did this come from?" exclaimed the astonished husband, as he re-entered the room with the new overcoat in his hand. "What does all this mean, Susie?"

"Nothing, John," was the demure reply, "only a little present for you."

"A present! From whom, Susie?"

"From me, dear. A wedding present, you know."

"I thank you a thousand times, dear. But where could you get the money?" he asked, still looking a little doubtful whether to be glad or sorry.

"Oh, it is all paid for, you needn't look so scared. I am as much opposed to running into debt as you are. I bought it with my cigar money, if you must know," she continued, with a merry laugh.

"Your cigar money, Susie! I do not understand you."

"Why, do you not remember telling me, nearly a year ago, that I could have the price of your two cigars a day to buy ribbons and peanut taffy?"

"Yes, I do remember saying that, but I do not see what it can have to do with my overcoat."

"Simply this. I have bought all the ribbons and candy that I wished for, and had enough remaining to pay for your overcoat—to say nothing of what I have left in my portemonnaie."

"Can this be possible, Susie? If you take the trouble to figure it up. But we shall lose the train if we talk any longer. Put on your coat and hat and lock the door."

John obeyed, but his movements were mechanical, and he seemed unable to recover from his surprise. It was not until they were seated in the cars, and fairly started on their journey, that he regained his powers of speech, and fully comprehended that the much desired overcoat was really and honestly his own.

"This beats me, Susie!" he whispered, "I could never have believed it."

"Nor I, John, if I had not counted it up," was the reply.

"It was very kind in you, Susie, and it has taught me a good lesson besides giving me a new overcoat. In future we will save the price of four cigars a day. What do you say to that?"

"I shall like it, John, if it will not be too great a sacrifice on your part."

"I shall make it, at all events. Why, we may buy a house, in time!"

The journey was a prosperous one, and a loving welcome awaited them at its close.

The mother smiled as she observed the handsome overcoat, and exchanged a glance of intelligence with Susie, which was noticed by the watchful John.

"I see you know all about it, mother," he said, with a happy smile. "It was a good lesson, and you will see that I shall profit by it. There is nothing like the penny saved."

The Occupant of No. 34.

BY R. FORBES STURGIS.

"If you please, Miss Clarice says she is too sick to arise," said the soft voice of the French maid, as she curtsied lowly.

From suddenly appeared upon the faces of both the mother and daughter addressed.

"I declare it is too bad!" ejaculated the young lady. "Clarice has no business to delay us! I, for one, will not submit to any such disappointment."

"What can we do?" Mrs. Hawthorne questioned. "Drag her from her bed and force her to accompany us?"

"No, indeed," returned the daughter, with a sneer. "She is not such a desirable appendage as that. Leave her here, and when she becomes able, let her come to us."

"By doing so we must leave Ninette."

"Not at all. Ninette must accompany me. The chambermaids can care for her."

"But you forget that Clarice is your stepfather's daughter, and that he may not like it," Mrs. Hawthorne remonstrated.

"Nonsense! He will never know it. He's so absorbed in his business and your own precious self that he will never think of Clarice. And no difference to me if he did! Gny Clitheroe will be at Saratoga to-morrow, and I must be there also. He was nearly won when we parted two weeks ago. I must be the first to meet him there, and complete the conquest. Once let me get my fingers on his purse-strings, and good-by to old Hawthorne's opinion!"

And so the matter was settled.

Mrs. Hawthorne called for her bill, told the clerk her eldest daughter was indisposed and would still remain a few days, as it was so much quieter than at Saratoga, and then took her departure.

Clarice heard them go with a sigh. It was so hard to be left alone in a strange hotel, sick. But she bravely forced her tears back, and hoped that on the morrow she would be better.

Late that evening a gentleman arrived at the hotel.

"Just one room vacant," said the clerk. "And that because a lady and her daughter left it to-day. Here"—to a sleepy waiter—"show this gentleman to No. 34."

The porter took the gentleman's valise and coat, and rapidly ascended the stairs.

He entered the room, and began fussing around.

"Any thing you wish, sir?" he questioned, eyed by the sparkle of the heavy diamond studs in the gentleman's shirt-bosom, and the diamond ring on his finger.

"No. Hark! What's that? It's surely somebody moaning with pain," ejaculated the gentleman.

"The lady in No. 34!" the porter exclaimed. "I'll bet it's her! I was out on the piazza this morning, and I heard the woman and her daughter that occupied this room planning to leave the other one behind, 'cause she was sick."

"Impossible!"

"True, sir. And they took the waiting-maid away with them, sir, because the young one was planning to catch some fellow at Saratoga, and wouldn't be disappointed."

"Heartless!" the gentleman returned. "Then this poor lady has no one to attend her. Do go quickly and get some one to go in and see to her."

The porter disappeared. A few moments sufficed, and then a chambermaid and a doctor entered No. 34.

The next morning the gentleman eagerly inquired after the lady.

"A fever, sir," was the response.

Nine days passed, and still the gentleman lingered at the hotel. He had not seen the occupant of No. 34, or even heard her name, but yet he felt in some way her protector.

"She will live," the doctor said to him, as he passed, and the gentleman bowed.

A few days later he stopped her again.

"The lady wishes to see you," the physician observed. "I have told her of your kindness."

He hastily obeyed her summons. He stepped inside the room. He cast one glance at the frail figure on the couch.

"Miss Clarice?"

"Mr. Clitheroe!" were the mutual exclamations.

"And it was your stepmother and Isabel that left you here?" he questioned, as remembrance of the conversation which the porter had repeated to him floated through his brain. He was the fellow Miss Isabel was in pursuit of, and he started as he thought how easily he would have fallen into her net.

"I am surprised," was all the remark he made.

From that time forth he visited Clarice, as she rapidly convalesced.

About that time she received a letter from Isabel.

"I am so sorry you should have such a stupid thing as a fever," she wrote. "But, as you have, you will probably lose your hair, and I do wish you would cut it off (short hair will be becoming to you) and send it to me. It just matches mine—Mr. Clitheroe does so much admire a heavy head of hair!"

Clarice threw the note down, submitted her head to a barber, and inclosed the shining locks to her step-sister.

"I would have lost it, anyway," she said to herself, with a sigh, "and it's as well she should have it."

"I wish to leave you a day," Mr. Clitheroe said that evening. "I am going to the city to see your father. Darling, may I ask him a question?"

Clarice colored to the tips of her ears.

"And will you leave here as my wife, if he so wills it?" he questioned, and though Clarice spoke not, he was answered

Saturday Journal

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AUTHOR OF "DOUBLE-DEATH" AGAIN!

MR. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, in our next issue, will give his multitude of admirers the opening chapters of his new Romance of the noted "Hunter's Paradise" region, in the far South-west—a story of marvelous interest and of decided originality, viz.:

THE ROCK RIDER; OR, The Spirit of the Sierras. A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS.

Thoroughly familiar with the field wherein Gustave Almad and Capt. Mayne Reid have located several of their finest works, Mr. Whittaker is fast asserting his claim as an author of co-equal merit with these enchanting writers; and this admirable production will place him at their side, for it is, unquestionably, taken in all its features, one of the

Most Brilliant and Exciting Stories of the beautiful region still haunted by the untamed tribes of the South-west that has ever graced our purely American literature.

The implacable old Messenger of Vengeance, the Old Rock Rider; the whimsical Dutchman and his remarkable dog; the daring young Athlete and his magnificent horse; the weird and beautiful Spirit of the Sierras; the Negro keeper of the grim "Cave of Skulls"; the two young lady captives; the combined savage horde of Apache, Comanche and Arapahoe who make the slaughter of a Government train their especial work—all are active participants in the intensely absorbing and singular series of events.

The serial adds another to the long list of literary triumphs which common consent awards to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and which have placed this paper in the van of the Popular Weeklies.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Tribute.—A correspondent in St. Louis who "takes a great interest" in our "valuable paper," expresses his feelings in regard to Washington Whitehorn, as follows:

TO WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

BY AN ADMIRER.
Oh! Washington Whitehorn
You're a double-fisted brick,
To please the public mind
You know the "turn and trick."
"The Foolscap Papers"
That the people they are after—
We split our sides—oh, my—
Indeed we do, with laughter.
Even now I have to laugh—
My sides are really shaken,
To think of your "Lunar visit,"
And other trips you've taken.
Sometimes I have to wonder
If you use a patent rake
To scratch that head of yours,
Or, what the deuce you take.
But, let it be a rake,
Or whatever it may be,
The public feels as proud of you
As a mother of her baby.
Then fare you well, Great Namesake;
May fancies crown your brow,
And when you cease your writings
May you be remembered then as now.

A Timely Caution.—No doubt thousands of persons have been seriously injured by over-exercise and violent exertion. All such exertion hurries the heart's action to an inordinate degree and causes it to throw the blood with great force into the extreme vessels, and as there is almost always one organ of the body weaker than the others, the vessels of this organ become distended, and remaining distended, the organ itself becomes diseased. Running, rowing, lifting, jumping, wrestling, severe horse-exercise, cricket, football, are fruitful causes of heart disease. Those which require the breath to be suspended during their accomplishment are more fruitful causes in this respect than those which require no such suspension of the breathing. Rowing, lifting heavy weights, wrestling and jumping do this; and of these, rowing is the most powerful for evil. At every effort made with the hands and feet, the muscles are strained to their utmost; the chest is violently fixed; no air is admitted into the lungs; blood is thrown by the goaded heart, with great force into the pulmonary vessels; they become distended; they at length can not find space for more blood; the onward current is now driven back upon the right heart; its cavities and the blood-vessels of its walls become in like manner distended; the foundation of disease is laid. Hypertrophy, hemorrhage, inflammatory affections of the heart and lungs, are the consequences in the young; valvular incompetency, rupture of the valves or of the muscular fibers of the heart, pulmonary apoplexy, and cerebral hemorrhage, are too frequently the immediate consequences in those of more mature years.

The healthiest persons are those whose motions are equable and whose exertions are never especially violent, and in taking exercise that person is wise who recognizes this truth, that all action which sends the blood bounding through the veins is dangerous and to be avoided.

The Art of Rowing.—In sailing-craft we certainly excel the English—our yachts having beaten them in almost all instances, but at the oars we are behind the noted rowers of

Oxford and Cambridge, although our Wards and Biglins, as oarsmen, have made for us a splendid record.

Our professional oarsmen lean to what is termed the Oxford style of handling the oar. The difference between the Oxford and Cambridge system of rowing is illustrated thus, by a person who has witnessed several of the great races of those noted Clubs on the Thames:

"It was only necessary to watch the Cambridge boat approaching to notice, in the rise and fall of the oars, the following peculiarities: A long stay of the oar in the water, a quick rise from and return to the water, remaining out of the water for the briefest possible interval of time. In the case of the Oxford boat, quite a different appearance was presented; there was a short stay in the water, a sharp rise from and return to it, and between these the oars appeared to hang over the water for a perceptible interval. In the Cambridge crew, the first part of the stroke was done with the shoulder—precisely according to the old-fashioned modes—the arms straight until the body had fallen back to an almost upright position; then came the sharp drop back of the shoulders beyond the perpendicular, the arms simultaneously doing their work, so that, as the swing back was finished, the back of the hands just touched the ribs in feathering. In the case of the Oxford crew a style was observed which at first sight seemed excellent. As soon as the oars were dashed down and caught their first hold of the water, the arms, as well as the shoulders of the oarsmen were at work. The result was, that when the back had reached an upright position, the arms had already reached the chest and the stroke was finished. Thus, the Oxford stroke takes a perceptibly shorter time than the Cambridge stroke; it is, also, necessarily somewhat shorter in the water. One would, therefore, say it must be less effective; but it means simply that the oar is taken much more sharply, and, therefore, much more effectively, through the water."

Our own Harvard Club, in its race with the victorious Oxfords, when it passed under the Hammersmith Bridge, had almost as much of Cambridge as Oxford. Since then, our amateur oarsmen show more of the Oxford "waiting feather" and lightning stroke than the long stroke and lightning feather of Cambridge. But, with all this, our style is a fair cross between the two.

FRIENDSHIP.

So many kinds of friendships exist in these days that it is somewhat difficult to determine what *real* friendship is, and each one must judge for himself whether it be true or false.

I style that person my friend who, when I go to visit her, will greet me cordially and as though she wished to see me, and not just nod her head and say: "Ah, I've, is that you? I am glad to see you." She may be glad to see me, but I want her to show that she is so.

Quite an impulsive cousin of mine I went to visit last summer. He resided on the banks of the "beautiful blue" Penobscot, and was so anxious to bid me welcome that he would not allow the boat to land ere he jumped on board, and I knew he was right glad to see me. His sister was patiently waiting on the wharf, and the way that dear girl hugged me was "a good sight for sair e'en."

We all want to be made company of when we go abroad, and when people put themselves out of their way to accommodate me I fully appreciate it.

I like to have a friend who will be the same to me in my troubles as in my joys, and not, if clouds overtake me, let me find my way out of them as best I can. It is the person who deprives himself of his own umbrella in a rain storm, that you may be protected, who is your sincere friend.

He is no friend to you who will praise you to your face and vow and protest that he never will be false to you, and the next moment, behind your back, talk over all your foibles and shortcomings.

But then, we are apt to judge our friends too far in the wrong road, we don't think "such friendship as that worth the having," yet all the while it is certainly the very best.

No doubt we expect and exact too much of those whom we call our friends; we call on them too often for favors, and, if they have not the power to grant them, we think them lacking in kindness of heart. We should not like to have persons think so badly of us, if we were so situated as not to be able to comply with their requests, but then, we never look at home to find misdeeds; we wander away for them.

I have known some girls to consider me "just the nicest being in the world," and possessed of more good qualities than nature endowed me with—that was when I wrote their *bullet-douz* to their beaux for them; yet, the very next day I was, in their estimation, "a cross old thing"—that was because I declined to allow them to read my manuscript ere I sent it to the press.

Now, isn't that exactly the way of the world? One moment pleased with us because we favor our friends, and the next moment displeased with us because we are not willing to oblige them.

If we want to get through this life peacefully and quietly as possible we must try to keep all the friends we have, and to leave no opportunity untried in which to win a new friend.

EVEN LAWFLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Grand Concert.

In pleasures me to announce—and it is the proudest moment of my life when I do so—that I will soon give a mammoth concert on such an extensive scale that it will lay all other things of the kind in the shade and cover them up warm. Indeed, the concert will be too large to announce it, therefore I will expound it.

The tickets of admission will be of corresponding size, fifteen feet square, and will require three men to carry each one, and I am glad to say that the price will be in proportion to the tickets, and it will take three men to raise the price of one ticket, for you see that the high notes will be very essential in raising the tune. The director's tuning-fork will be about the size of the forks of the road, and it will take four men to bite it, and two more to catch the pitch, providing the pitch isn't too hot.

No slow notes will be taken or used.

Sixteen steam engines will render, with thrilling and startling effect, the much celebrated "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," and the explosion of two of the engines will constitute the chorus.

Fifty thousand voices will help along the song of "Hark, I hear somebody sing," each singer being provided with a fireman's trumpet, which magnifies four hundred times; the effect will be electrical; to make it more electrical, a forty-horse-power galvanic battery, with wires all over the house, will be on hand.

Three hundred Chinese gongs will assist in the celebrated song of "If you're waking, call me early, call me early, landlord, dear," with the most stunning effect, and to assist in the *chœur*, two hundred and fifty saw-logs will drop from the ceiling to the floor around among the audience.

Two thousand infants, without nurses, will appear on the stage, and render "I want to be an angel" with such harmony that the audience will involuntarily break out and help them to be angels.

Eight thousand young misses will sing a *master-piece*.

The beautiful song, "Silent voices," will be rendered on one hundred anvils, two wood-sawing machines, twenty-four church bells, sixteen pieces of artillery, and a medium-sized imported earthquake.

The low, sweet melody, "Speak softly," will be rendered in excellent style by a full-grown storm, which is chartered for the purpose, with thunder and lightning accompaniment; the effect will be striking.

A hundred milk-maids will sing the milking song, assisted in the chorus by one hundred cows blowing their horns.

As every thing will be on a big scale, the songs will be huge; every verse will be a mile and a half long, and wide in proportion, and each note will weigh not less than four pounds.

One of the leading features of the entertainment will be a mammoth Jew's-harp, fifteen feet long, but, as I can't find a man with a mouth to fit it, I fear I will be obliged to play it myself. I have a good musical education, and can pick any thing from a fiddle to a fuse. The Jew's-harp performance will have an interlude, which will be a pathetic railroad smash-up, and draw tears from all eyes.

All the brass horns will be blown by steam, with the exception of the manager's; he will blow his own horn.

The hand-organ to be used on this occasion will require one thousand five hundred monkeys and all Rome to operate it.

Five hundred musicians will play one hundred and forty-eight different pieces at the same time with charming effect, and the chorus will be a can of nitro-glycerine by public request.

The mere announcement of the fact that the manager will play the celebrated Star Spangled Banner backward on the bass-drum to the most uproarious applause will be sufficient to draw all the people in the United States to the grand Collision-um, which is building.

The manager will sing three songs and whistle two tunes at once, assisted by sixteen packs of Chinese fire-crackers.

Forty thousand people will sing a solo. The tunes will be so large that no one man can carry one of them, and it will require forty pounds of powder to start each one.

The large hall will be finished on time, because I am getting it built on time, and the singers will all sing on time, for you see time is one of the main ingredients in a great concert like this.

Forty thousand gongs and bass-drums, interspersed with sea guns, will accompany a little girl in "Father, dear father, come home."

As a grand finale, four hundred barrels of powder under the floor will be discharged, and it will be warranted to bring down the house, or the money will be refunded.

One ticket of admission, fifty dollars, two tickets, twenty-five dollars, four tickets, twelve dollars, eight tickets, fifteen cents. Reserved seats, on a hill forty-two miles off, extra.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
Manager and Director.

Woman's World.

Hints for Housekeepers.—Cutlery, Woodware and Hardware.—Some New Inventions and Patents.

SOME time since we offered a few hints to those who anticipated going to house-keeping about the general expenditure of means at the outset. There are numerous conveniences and comforts which may be gradually added to the household furniture, the expense of which will hardly be felt, so gradually may the outlay be made. Looking through a large house-furnishing store not long since, we were struck with the numberless inventions for shortening labor and increasing comfort, for which money might be judiciously spent by the housekeeper either in the city or country. For instance, why does not every lady have a knife-sharpener on her table? It costs only fifty cents, and the often disagreeable duty of carving, might be made a pleasure to her husband, instead of "an inward agony," if his carver only had the advantage of being drawn through those sharpening edges, instead of being whetted and flourished against that old-fashioned abomination, which comes with every ivory or pearl-handled carving-set, a *steel*.

The cutlery department of such establishments should be studied by every young housekeeper. Besides the elegant pearl and ivory handled table cutlery, there are patent cork-knives and vegetable-knives, bone-saws and poultry-choppers, and dishing-up forks, and asparagus and other vegetable forks, which when once placed in a kitchen, seem *necessaries*, not *luxuries*.

The woodenware department is scarcely less attractive. No one, after looking through it, would be willing for the "wooden wedding" time to roll round, before having some of the beautiful things seen there. Bread platters, with richly-carved borders in various designs, and appropriate mottoes in raised letters, the inexpensive and durable investments. Here is one with the motto: "Lips, however rosy, must be fed."

Another runs thus: "Give us this day our daily bread." Another, "Cut and come again." One, short, sweet and to the point, says, "Spare not." Another sentimentally warns us to "Waste not, want not."

The exquisite and appropriate carving found on some of this woodenware, must excite the admiration of any one with an eye to the artistic and beautiful. An ear of Indian corn is a favorite device for the handle of a bread-knife. The designs on the salad forks and spoons are equally pretty and ingenious. Two rabbits nibbling at a cabbage is a favorite device.

Among the necessary and useful articles, we find fork-cleaners and knife-boards, spice-mortars and pestles, beef-steak pointers, Scotch butter-paddles and butter-prints,

and butter-molds and forcers, which turn out the butter in the form of fruits, flowers and shells. In this line of goods also is shown an artist's chair, forming, when shut, a walking-stick. It is a most desirable thing for a pedestrian tourist and sketched, as it can be opened and used for a seat, where such would be otherwise unobtainable, or inaccessible. There is another of the same style which can be doubled up and carried in the pocket.

In the hardware department we find tinning forks with sliding handles, so that the hands may never be burned, while manipulating that delicate piece of cookery, making toast. How few know how to toast a piece of bread!—and what a rare luxury is a plate of *good* dry toast. By the way, toast should always be served on a toast-rack.

Griddle-cakes may not be wholesome, but we like them sometimes as an American luxury, and we know from experience that a soapstone griddle is the thing on which to bake them. They will not burn and stick to it, even if no lard or butter is used in the operation of cooking them.

Among the numberless varieties in the way of sad-irons and smoothing-irons we find one—a *woman's invention* and *patent*—a polishing-iron, which is now in almost universal use in large laundries, imparting that exquisite gloss which is so coveted by dandy gentlemen for their fine linen.

Speaking of women's inventions reminds us of one we have lately seen from which the fair patentee will probably make as much as the lucky inventor who found that glycerine applied to sponge, would render that substance permanently elastic, and fit for upholstery purposes. The lady's lucky idea is in the applying *glass* to the hemmer of sewing-machines. It is a rare combination of all the advantages of all previous inventions in this line, to which is added a glass plate, through which the operation of turning the hem can be seen, so that its accuracy must be incomparably greater than that of any other hemmer.

For utilizing space in a household, there is a portable combination wardrobe which has been invented and also patented within the last year, which ought to be more generally known to the WOMAN'S WORLD than it is.

It is to be attached to a wall or door, by means of two screw hooks, passing through two screw eyes in the wardrobe. It is thus held close and firmly to the wall. It is capable of sustaining a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds. Curtains, which by an ingenious attachment, can be readily put up or removed when required, form the sides and front. Thus it gives perfect ventilation while excluding dust and light. A shelf is also attached of sufficient depth for a hat-box, or articles of clothing. The whole affair can be put up or taken down in a few minutes, can quickly be folded into a space of three inches in depth. The cost of this ingenious and economical invention is from five to fifteen dollars, according to size and the quality of the curtains. Not only is this a good investment for a young housekeeper, but we would also suggest its convenience for parties visiting watering-places, and those who board, and are frequently obliged to change their place of residence.

EMILY VERDEY.

We all see further in a rainy day than we do in one clear and bright—that is, further into the day before yesterday; just as we see more of Heaven in the night than we do in the daytime.

Short Stories from History.

Battle of Agincourt.—At this memorable battle, in which Henry the Fifth gained immortal honor, eighteen French knights having entered into an association to take the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle-axe, which did not, however, penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welsh captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expense of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude for such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardor. His brother, Gloucester, who fought by his side, received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and, at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assailants; but not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees; he however instantly sprang up, and laid the man who gave it dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a shout rushed to his aid, and drove the enemy back. The Duke of Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the mortification of surviving his defeat. With three hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigies of valor, and crying out, "I am the Duc d'Alencon," he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his sword, Henry returned the stroke so effectively that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alencon filled the French with consternation and confusion, and they betook themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed four hundred men. The English were at the commencement of the battle about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welsh captain, was sent to reconnoiter the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that 'there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.'

Woman's World.—Cutlery, Woodware and Hardware.—Some New Inventions and Patents.

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We all see further in a rainy day than we do in one clear and bright—that is, further into the day before yesterday; just as we see more of Heaven in the night than we do in the daytime.

Short Stories from History.

Battle of Agincourt.—At this memorable battle, in which Henry the Fifth gained immortal honor, eighteen French knights having entered into an association to take the king dead or alive, fought their way to where he was; and one of them struck him with a battle-axe, which did not, however, penetrate his helmet. At this moment David Gam, a Welsh captain, and two of his countrymen, rushed in to the assistance of the king, and saved him, at the expense of their own lives. The French knights were every one killed; and when Henry saw his three gallant friends expiring of their wounds at his feet, in gratitude for such noble service, he knighted them as they lay on the field of battle, and charged the enemy with redoubled ardor. His brother, Gloucester, who fought by his side, received a stroke from a mace, which felled him to the ground. Henry covered him with his shield, and, at the same time, sustained the attack of a multitude of assailants; but not being able to defend himself against them all, he received a blow on the head which brought him on his knees; he however instantly sprang up, and laid the man who gave it dead at his feet. At this instant the Duke of York came up to his relief, and the troops seeing his danger, with a shout rushed to his aid, and drove the enemy back. The Duke of Alencon finding his army thrown into disorder, and in danger of being totally defeated, resolved to make one effort that should either restore to him the glory of the day, or, at least, save him the mortification of surviving his defeat. With three hundred choice volunteers he made his way to where Henry was performing prodigies of valor, and crying out, "I am the Duc d'Alencon," he gave the king a most furious blow on the head, which pierced his helmet; but not being able quickly to disengage his sword, Henry returned the stroke so effectively that he brought the duke and two of his followers to the ground. The loss of Alencon filled the French with consternation and confusion, and they betook themselves to flight. In this battle, which lasted five hours, the French had one thousand men killed and sixteen thousand taken prisoners; while the loss of the English did not exceed four hundred men. The English were at the commencement of the battle about twelve thousand or thirteen thousand in number, and the French not less than forty thousand. When Gam, the gallant Welsh captain, was sent to reconnoiter the enemy's position the day before the battle, he reported on his return, that 'there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.'

Woman's World.—Cutlery, Woodware and Hardware.—Some New Inventions and Patents.

SOME time since we offered a few hints to those who anticipated going to house-keeping about the general expenditure of means at the outset. There are numerous conveniences and comforts which may be gradually added to the household furniture, the expense of which will hardly be felt, so gradually may the outlay be made. Looking through a large house-furnishing store not long since, we were struck with the numberless inventions for shortening labor and increasing comfort, for which money might be judiciously spent by the housekeeper either in the city or country. For instance, why does not every lady have a knife-sharpener on her table? It costs only fifty cents, and the often disagreeable duty of carving, might be made a pleasure to her husband, instead of "an inward agony," if his carver only had the advantage of being drawn through those sharpening edges, instead of being whetted and flourished against that old-fashioned abomination, which comes with every ivory or pearl-handled carving-set, a *steel*.

The cutlery department of such establishments should be studied by every young housekeeper. Besides the elegant pearl and ivory handled table cutlery, there are patent cork-knives and vegetable-knives, bone-saws and poultry-choppers, and dishing-up forks, and asparagus and other vegetable forks, which when once placed in a kitchen, seem *necessaries*, not *luxuries*.

The woodenware department is scarcely less attractive. No one, after looking through it, would be willing for the "wooden wedding" time to roll round, before having some of the beautiful things seen there. Bread platters, with richly-carved borders in various designs, and appropriate mottoes in raised letters, the inexpensive and durable investments. Here is one with the motto: "Lips, however rosy, must be fed."

Another runs thus: "Give us this day our daily bread." Another, "Cut and come again." One, short, sweet and to the point, says, "Spare not." Another sentimentally warns us to "Waste not, want not."

The exquisite and appropriate carving found on some of this woodenware, must excite the admiration of any one with an eye to the artistic and beautiful. An ear of Indian corn is a favorite device for the handle of a bread-knife. The designs on the salad forks and spoons are equally pretty and ingenious. Two rabbits nibbling at a cabbage is a favorite device.

Among the necessary and useful articles, we find fork-cleaners and knife-boards, spice-mortars and pestles, beef-steak pointers, Scotch butter-paddles and butter-prints,

and butter-molds and forcers, which turn out the butter in the form of fruits, flowers and shells. In this line of goods also is shown an artist's chair, forming, when shut, a walking-stick. It is a most desirable thing for a pedestrian tourist and sketched, as it can be opened and used for a seat, where such would be otherwise unobtainable, or inaccessible. There is another of the same style which can be doubled up and carried in the pocket.

In the hardware department we find tinning forks with sliding handles, so that the hands may never be burned, while manipulating that delicate piece of cookery, making toast. How few know how to toast a piece of bread!—and what a rare luxury is a plate of *good* dry toast. By the way, toast should always be served on a toast-rack.

Griddle-cakes may not be wholesome, but we like them sometimes as an American luxury, and we know from experience that a soapstone griddle is the thing on which to bake them. They will not burn and stick to it, even if no lard or butter is used in the operation of cooking them.

Among the numberless varieties in the way of sad-irons and smoothing-irons we find one—a *woman's invention* and *patent*—a polishing-iron, which is now in almost universal use in large laundries, imparting that exquisite gloss which is so coveted by dandy gentlemen for their fine linen.

Speaking of women's inventions reminds us of one we have lately seen from which the fair patentee will probably make as much as the lucky inventor who found that glycerine applied to sponge,

WAITING.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Hyperion seeks his gorgeous fame,
Where air-bathed beauties team,
As Luna floats from her cloud-girt home
In radiant twilight sheen.
The halo-vested hour is ours,
O'er glimmered hill and glade
Rare beauty lies, and now I wait
Beneath the linden's shade.

The rays athwart the breeze-rocked boughs,
Like elided arrows shine;
The dewdrop prisons beams astray
To illumine her cavern shrine.
The withering trying hour draws near,
The glittering stars are set,
Like burning, scintillating gems
In night's blue coronet.

I've tarried long; the evening wanes;
Hushed is the night-bird's song;
My barge of Hope in its gala dress,
Adrift from my heart has gone.
A voiceless sadness fills the hour,
O'er shade-wrapped hill and glade
Dread silence reigns; I wait, in vain,
Beneath the linden's shade.

Cheating Destiny.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Upon my word, Volney Hale! Well, if any one man was needed to make the circle complete, you are the one. If ever hostess displayed commendable discrimination, it is our little Mrs. Grosvenor. Christmas festivities would lack their best flavor without the invaluable and ubiquitous Hale."

"Thanks, my dear Chesney. You quite over-estimate my importance, however. Mrs. Grosvenor and Elmgrove haven't much cause for gratulation through the latest arrival—what with items and squibs, editorials and ponderous reviews, scientific researches and sentimental literary dash-em-offs, I'm quite played. Took advantage of the invitation simply to save myself a brain fever, and now the profoundest sense of obligation isn't going to tempt me to rouse into any sort of exertion for the two weeks of my sojourn."

"By Jove! you do look bad, Hale. Why don't you cut the concern—those sharks of publishers seem to think a man's vitality and powers of endurance have no limit, judging from your example. Cut it all and save the 'immortal flame,' my dear fellow."

"All very well, coming from you—born to a silver spoon and rosewood cradle. We can't all be fortune's favorite, you know. What do you imagine would become of me if it were not for the constant demands of those monarchs of the newspaper realm—the editors? Quill-driving is apt to be a trifle more fatiguing than simply drawing dividends, but I dare say there are worse stations in life than being only a penny-liner. I can't grumble at the 'extras' I've got through in the last month for the sake of this breathing space."

Chesney gave his mustache an extra curl, with a sympathetic glance at his friend. "You know, if there's any gift of the gods less desirable than genius along with—wiew!—impetuosity, I've never chanced across it. Your good-looking idiot, be it never so poverty-stricken, given a moderate degree of the commodity called 'cheek,' are sure to make lucky strikes. All due returns to the star which decreed that I should be born rich instead of clever. There, what do you say to that cut of my imperial?"

"My dear fellow, destiny rules us all, and I'm quite powerless to suggest any improvement after the course followed by your barber's scissors—barbarous though the fashion may be. No one knew the *Beau Chesney* to be anything but perfect, but it strikes me you are laying yourself out to an unusually effective extent. Pray, what new inducement do you find here?"

"With due honor to your penetration—how can you ask? There's a whole galaxy of brilliant stars."

"And a particular one; don't deny it, man. There, I'll not press the point since my own eyes will assure me soon. Spare your confusion and the back of that hairbrush, you modest victim of Cupid's latest dart."

"Oh, dash that, Hale! I say, why don't you cheat destiny after the approved fashion? There's a splendid chance in the house if you'll accept the suggestion. An heiress, just the style to take your fastidious fancy, and sure to take to you. *Entre nous*, shall I put in a good word for you?"

"I couldn't wish a better recommendation, but I'll consider first. I'm not enlightened regarding the company, and can't be deluded into contemplating a rash leap in the dark."

"It comprises the rarest cuttings of our own particular set, with important additions. Those in whom you and I propose to be especially interested are the cousins Leigh—for 'one is rich, and one is proud, and both are fair.' I'm willing to confess to you that I'm taken with pride and poverty. She's only a music-teacher, but she's an angel as well, and she'll be Mrs. Chesney before the season's out, if my persuasions will avail. I don't think I'm blessed with natural match-making propensities, but if you only would take a fancy to *la belle cousine*—"

"I'll probably be favored by a reminder that there's a wide difference between the heiress and the literary hack. Are you going down? I've no more than paid my respects to the presiding deity yet, and would rather not run the gantlet of a roomful by a late appearance."

Mrs. Grosvenor's rooms were especially inviting, aglow as they were with soft, bright tints and mellow lights, and Mrs. Grosvenor herself came forward, with charming effusion.

"We're crowded to the very last corner, Mr. Hale, so I was obliged to room you two cronies together. I scarcely need to make an excuse, I presume; such a modern example of Damon and Pythias—I wonder that you exist at all when parted. Ah, here come all these people, impatient at having dinner put back half an hour. All friends well met except—our new acquisitions, Miss Leigh, Miss Lucetta Leigh, Mr. Hale, Mr. Chesney, Lucetta pairs off with you, I believe."

Volney Hale found himself bowing before a stately blonde, then swept away with her upon his arm, toward the dining-room.

"So this is the gentler mistress than Destiny I'm urged to woo," he thought. "By Jove, Chesney was right—she's charming enough to please the most fastidious taste, but I'm not so sure of her impressibility. I don't wonder at his infatuation—that little brownie is perfect in her way. Lucetta

they call her—pretty name; how she does sparkle, to be sure."

Unconsciously his eyes wandered toward the dusky little Leigh oftener than they rested upon the stately cousin as the evening progressed. He was taking a decided interest in the poor music-teacher, who had thrown the mesh of her enchantment about his friend.

"Perfect in her dazzling Gipsyish style," he thought. "How is it that the old song goes—"

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said," and according to my fancy the little Lucetta is the best fortune of the two. The heiress is too much after 'Maud' for my unequivocal liking—I'll take a heart along with my beauty if it pleases. Presumptuous of a Bohemian on mercenary thoughts intent to assert a preference, I dare say. Is that *la pauvre cousine* at the piano?"

The poor cousin it was, and Hale listened in a trance, while a silence settled over the room as she played.

"Well, doesn't it?" It was Chesney at his side, and Hale drew a deep breath as the volume of sound died away.

"Well, doesn't it—she is an artist! The touch—the soul expressed—words fail me."

"I didn't know you were such an enthusiast, Volney. Lucetta ought to excel—Ah, Mrs. Grosvenor!"

"What is this your friend has been telling me, Mr. Hale? That you don't feel able to take a part in the active amusements I've been planning? Indeed and indeed—just be kind enough to tell me what I'm to do if you fail me. I've counted on you as an invaluable accessory. Charades, *tableaux vivants*, private theatricals—all will fall through unless you participate."

"My dear madam, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"Oh, don't utter any apologies if you're determined to disappoint me. I've actually been plunging into Shakespeare, and fixed upon you as Romeo to Lucetta's Juliet. Your talent in the way of tragedy, and your tenor in our musical entertainments, are really indispensable, but if you won't—"

"My dear Mrs. Grosvenor, you quite overwhelm me with the enormity of proving myself remiss. I'll play Romeo, if you like, and give you the advantage of my tenor, but don't, I beg of you, throw me into charades and tableaux. If you but knew my aversion to the like—"

"and my absolute need of rest—There, I see, you relent. Now, do beg Miss Lucetta to give us another song."

By an unsuspected maneuver of Chesney's, Miss Lucetta was willing to comply, with some masculine voice to support her, and as Hale's musical ability was an acknowledged fact, along with a variety of other accomplishments which made him always a desirable acquisition—which, in fact, had gained him an *entree* into the circles where he moved so nonchalantly—he was elected now to the duet.

And that duet was only the first of any number which was to follow with succeeding days. As they passed, Hale found himself thrown more and more into close companionship with Lucetta. The rehearsals, hours of practice in the music-room, a harmony of tastes—a bond of sympathy discovered unconsciously, did the business. Time has a facility for slipping by with wonderful rapidity under such circumstances. The day came about when Mrs. Grosvenor's admirable household arrangements were thrown into chaos while a suite of rooms became metamorphosed into a theater by the introduction of a stage, scenery, curtains and seats. The important evening which was to witness the display of amateur talent in various directions was to follow.

A little group had assembled in the green-room after inspecting the appointments. Chesney was discussing with Miss Leigh and Lucetta some last disputed detail of costume, Mrs. Grosvenor and one or two others were grouped at a little distance, while Hale stood back unnoticed, half concealed by some falling drapery.

"Who carries off the Leigh, think you?"—some one spoke near him. "I thought Chesney was assured in that direction, but our new-fledged Romeo seems to follow his role beyond the limit of stage presentation."

"What's that you're hinting at—a rivalry between Damon and Pythias? My dear sir, if one of that pair of ancients gave up his life, our modern representative would surely emulate him by giving up his love for friendship's sake. But I fancied—"

The speaker's voice was lost in the dull roar which filled Hale's ears. He slipped behind the curtain whose friendly folds had shadowed him and stared with unseeing eyes out of the window it shrouded. He had been drifting with the stream in these days past without considering whither it was carrying him. Was he, then, playing false to his friend? It was absurd of him, a poor Bohemian, to fall in love with a music-teacher. It was different with Chesney—he could afford to match his wealth against love and poverty. Why could he not have stuck to his own sphere and chosen the heiress? And *la pauvre cousine*—would she hesitate to accept the one who should stoop from his high estate for love of her? Well, he would turn his back on them all to-morrow—not for a dozen heiresses would he remain in that house and that company another day.

But he did not leave on the morrow. He played Romeo with feverish adherence to the character until it came to the sleeping-potion scene, and then, when Romeo should have come to life, he was found to have fainted dead away. By the morrow the brain-fever which had threatened him was having full sway.

Three weeks after that he opened a pair of languid eyes to see Lucetta's face vanishing as if in a vision. Had he been dreaming, he wondered, all the time she had seemed hovering about him? He tried to turn his head, and, with the effort, lost himself again.

The next interval of consciousness showed Chesney at his side, looking a trifle gaunt, as if by long watching, but beaming joyfully.

"Hurrah, Hale, old fellow, all right again! There, don't waste breath on me. You'll want it all presently. You've been babbling in your delirium, and by Jove! I could scarcely wait to put you straight. How you ever got the idea! Congratulate me; I'm to marry my music-teacher—not Lucetta, though. You're welcome to her and she to you, for all of me. Do make haste to get well and stand best man for me a month from to-day."

Hale did that, and more. He cheated Destiny by wooing and winning the heiress—Lucetta.

A Strange Girl:
A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPE," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
A SECRET STAB.

Just four and twenty hours after the conversation detailed in our last chapter between Delia Embden and the "help," Mary Ann, Deacon Edmund Paxton sat in his library, busy among his papers.

The deacon was a man of fifty—a tall, portly gentleman, with silver-gray hair and a round, fat face, fringed by luxuriant silver-gray side-whiskers. His eyes were dark-blue in hue, large and clear.

The deacon's face was fat and clean, red and white in color—sure proof of good living and of freedom from cares in worldly matters; yet, the massive under jaw, the firm and square-set forehead and a certain shrewd look about the eyes, told that the jolly and comfort-loving deacon had a strong will of his own, and was fully able to cope with his fellow-men in the great battle of life.

Edmund Paxton came of one of the oldest families in all New England. His ancestors had settled by the banks of the Saco when the powerful Tarrentines, the Penobscots and the Saco Indians ranged in their native freedom from the Salmon river to the St. Croix.

Old gossip told a legend how one of the Paxtons had once wedded a daughter of the great chief of the Saco tribe; how, in some mysterious way, the marriage had brought ruin and distraction to the red-men, and how the dying warriors, with their latest breath, had cursed the race of Paxton, and how the curse had clung to the family even to the present time.

But, old gossip will talk, and simple stories will grow by constant repetition into the dignity of legends, which must be received without question.

Few, however, could look upon the placid and good-humored face of Deacon Edmund Paxton, and believe that any age-descended curse shadowed his life.

The deacon had inherited quite an estate from his father, and by thrift and care had so increased it that he was accounted one of the richest men in the State, east of Portland.

The arrival of the morning mail interrupted the deacon in his labors.

Three letters came; two of them in yellow envelopes bore the Boston post-mark. The handwriting was familiar to him; one was from his lawyer, the other from the mill-agent located in Boston. But the third letter the deacon examined with curiosity.

The superscription evidently was in a woman's hand, and disguised at that, too. It was a dainty letter, strongly perfumed, and bore the Biddeford post-mark.

It was addressed simply, "Edmund Paxton, Esq., Saco, Maine."

"Humph, it looks like a love-letter," the deacon murmured. "If it had been addressed to Sinclair, now, I should not have wondered, but I am a little too old for that sort of thing; too much in the 'sere and yellow leaf.'"

The deacon opened the letter. It was extremely brief and very much to the point.

It read as follows: "A friend begs to inform Mr. Edmund Paxton that his son, Sinclair, has honored a young lady named Lydia Grame, a mill-girl, with his attentions so openly, that folks wonder when the marriage will take place."

And that was all; no signature was attached to it. It was written in a hand evidently disguised, but plainly written by a woman.

The deacon read the letter over a second time, and pressed his lips together gravely.

Then he opened and read the other two letters, which were purely on business matters as he had expected. These disposed of, he returned again to the mysterious note.

"A mill-girl, eh?" he muttered. "I wonder which mill; our mill, I suppose. Grame—Lydia Grame; a rather odd name." He said reflectively. "I don't remember any family about here of that name; she is evidently a stranger, then. I can understand this letter on that supposition. It is written by some young lady of Biddeford or Saco who doesn't like to see Sinclair captivated by a stranger. I wonder if there is any truth in it; and then again, I wonder who the girl is? I'm going down to the mill this morning; it may be as well to inquire about this Miss Lydia Grame."

The deacon turned once more to his papers; in twenty minutes he had finished, then he left the library and dressed himself for the street.

He proceeded at once to the mill.

The superintendent, Anson White, Esq., was in his private office when the deacon entered.

A half an hour was occupied upon business matters, when the deacon suddenly remarked:

"By the way, White, I suppose you know the names of all the mill-hands?"

"Yes, I think I do. I have always made it a point to know all about the hands. Got an idea, you know, that I can run the mill better," White replied. He was a shrewd, bustling Yankee from 'way-down-East, and really a capital manager.

"Is there a girl in the mill named Grame—Lydia Grame, I believe?"

"Yes," White answered, promptly; "been here about six months, if I remember rightly."

"What sort of a girl is she?" the deacon asked, quietly, and with apparent unconcern.

"Tall, with dark eyes, very ladylike indeed; she's above the average of mill-girls—very much of a lady."

"Is she a good hand?"

"Excellent! Hasn't missed a day I believe since she came to the mill. She's a very capable young woman. I took quite an interest in her when she first came, she was so very quiet and ladylike."

"I've heard her spoken of, and from the description I fancy that I would like to see her."

"That's easy enough if it's not too much trouble for you to go up-stairs," White said, rising.

"Oh, no; although I am getting rather fat and old," the deacon said, good-humoredly, getting up from his chair.

"Well, deacon, you stand it pretty well," White replied.

"Yes, contrive to worry along. By the way, does Miss Grame stop in the mill boarding-house?"

"No; she boards in Biddeford, at widow Gardner's."

"Ah, indeed?"

Then the two proceeded into the mill.

Lydia worked in a room on the third floor.

The superintendent and the deacon sauntered carelessly through the room, Mr. White explaining the working of some new machinery which had just been put in.

The two paused within twenty feet or so of where Lydia was at work.

As they stood there in conversation, White quietly indicated the girl.

"That's Miss Grame on the right—the girl with dark hair in the striped calico."

"Pretty, isn't she?" the deacon said.

"Yes, and do you notice how ladylike she appears even in her common working-dress?"

"She looks very much like a lady; I should think, though, that a girl of her attractions would be more inclined to dress herself up and play the fine lady than to stick steady to her work," the deacon said, thoughtfully.

"I haven't a better hand in the mill, deacon," White replied, decidedly. "I wish all the rest were as good."

"Pretty nice girl, eh?"

"Yes, as far as my knowledge of her goes."

The two walked on, the deacon taking a careful parting glance at Lydia.

They made the circuit of the room, then returned to the office.

Hardly had the two got out of sight when the girl who worked next to Lydia came over to her.

"I wonder what he wanted up here," she said, with a sly glance at Lydia.

"Who?"

"Why the old gentleman with Mr. White?"

"To look at the machinery, I suppose," Lydia answered, with perfect unconcern.

"He's been through the mill often enough; he knows all about the machinery," the girl said, with a toss of her head.

"I never saw him here before," Lydia replied.

"Why, don't you know who he is?"

"The old gentleman, you mean?" Lydia asked, wondering at the question.

"Yes, of course."

"I do not know him; how should I?" she said, in some little astonishment. Lydia could not understand the drift of the girl's questions, nor why she should take any interest in the visit of the old gentleman.

"Why, that was deacon Paxton, Sinclair Paxton's father."

Lydia gave just a little bit of a start. She had noticed that the old gentleman had looked at her very intently, but she had thought that he was only watching the process of her work.

"That was Sinclair Paxton's father," the girl repeated, a little disappointed that the news had produced so little impression upon Lydia. She had seen Lydia walking with Sinclair two nights before.

"Ah, yes," Lydia said, affecting an air of unconcern which she was far from feeling.

"It is strange that the deacon should take the trouble to come up here; one would think that he wanted to see somebody," and with this parting shot the young lady returned to her work, and Lydia put the question to herself:

"Did his father come to see me?"

CHAPTER XIV.
THE DEACON'S VISIT.

The day's work was over, and Lydia sat in the little parlor of her boarding-house. She had laid aside her working-dress and was attired in a fleecy muslin, very plain and very neat. A little knot of flame-colored ribbon at the neck was the sole ornament.

Ever since the discovery that the old gentleman who had bestowed such a sharp glance upon her was Sinclair's father, she had thought of nothing else.

A dozen times she had put the question to herself:

"Did he come to the mill to see me?"

Something within whispered her that he did. From the remarks of the girl who had called her attention to Deacon Paxton, it was plainly apparent to her that the intimacy existing between herself and Sinclair had been noticed and commented upon. This did not astonish Lydia in the least, for she had learned long before that the good folks of Biddeford and Saco dearly loved to gossip. And that the wealthy Sinclair Paxton, the treasurer of the mill, should be paying attentions to one of the mill-hands, a poor girl depending upon her labor for support, was quite sufficient to create considerable talk.

The gloom of the twilight was slowly descending. Lydia was listlessly gazing out of the window into the little garden, watching a half-blown rose as it swayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze, when she was suddenly startled by hearing her name pronounced and by a voice strange to her ears.

She looked up, and by the garden gate stood the old gentleman she had seen in the mill that morning, Deacon Edmund Paxton.

"Miss Grame, I believe?" the deacon had said, in his bland, smooth way.

"Yes," the girl replied, startled at the apparition.

"Excuse my coming in, but I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you," and the deacon opened the gate and advanced up the pathway toward the house.

Lydia's suspicions were now confirmed; the old gentleman had come to the mill that morning to see her.

Almost bewildered, and guessing vaguely at the reason of the unexpected visit, Lydia hastened to open the front door and admit the old gentleman.

He walked at once into the parlor.

"You see, Miss Grame, I make myself perfectly at home," he said, smilingly, as he seated himself in the rocking-chair.

"I am sure that you are quite welcome, sir," the girl hastened to say.

"Be seated, my dear; I have come to have quite a long conversation with you," the deacon said, in a fatherly way.

Silently the girl complied.

"I saw you this morning in the mill," he began. "I suppose, though, that I ought to begin by introducing myself, as I am a stranger to you. My name is Paxton, Edmund Paxton; the name is probably familiar to you; my son, Sinclair, is the treasurer of the mill where you are employed."

"Yes, sir, I am acquainted with him," Lydia said, slowly.

Although the manner of the deacon was extremely cordial, yet the girl felt a painful apprehension that the nature of his errand was unpleasant.

"Ah—yes; by the way, Miss Grame, your name is not familiar to me; are you a native of the State of Maine?"

"No, sir; I was born in Virginia."

"Ah, a Southerner, eh? Well, how do you like New England? Does it agree with you?"

"Oh, yes; I am very happy and contented here," she answered.

"I'm glad of that; I always like to have every one happy. I presume, then, that you have no relatives here?"

"No, sir."

"I trust you won't think my questions impertinent?" the deacon said, very blandly.

"Oh, no, sir."

"It is our good old New England fashion, you know, for the folks to call upon all strangers who honor their neighborhood with a visit, and as I had an idea that you were a stranger among us I thought that it was my duty to call upon you. I'm aware that the custom is getting out of fashion now. We're all so taken up in our hurry to get rich that we are forgetting the simple manners and kindly habits of our forefathers. Are your parents living, Miss Grame?"

"No, sir."

"All alone in the world, eh?"

"Yes; I haven't even a living relative that I know of," the girl said, sadly.

"Bless me, that's very bad indeed—a young girl like you and no relatives to guide or counsel!"

"None."

"Well, well," the deacon said, reflectively. "I'm very glad, my dear, that I called upon you. While you remain with us you must look upon me as a friend. Any time that you need counsel or assistance, come to me, and you shall certainly have it."

Tears sparkled in the dark eyes of the girl at the friendly words of Deacon Paxton.

He, watching her narrowly, while pretending not to do so, saw the evidence of emotion, though she hastily turned aside her head and brushed the tears away.

The deacon was rather pleased with the effects of his words.

"I am sure that you are very kind," the girl said, her voice trembling with emotion, despite her efforts to appear composed.

"Well, my child, how do people treat you up here? Do you get along pretty well, eh?"

"Yes, sir; every one is very kind to me."

"Mr. White speaks of you very highly indeed."

"I have tried very hard to give satisfaction," she said, earnestly.

"He tells me that you are a great worker."

"I do the best I can, sir," was the modest reply.

"I suppose you have some bright '*chateau en Espagne*' before you—some dream of a cozy home and a husband's love to cheer you up when your fingers get tired and your back weary?" the deacon said, carelessly, but he kept his eyes intently fixed on the face of the girl.

A little bright spot of color came into the white cheeks as the words fell upon her ears, and she hesitated a moment before she made reply.

"No, sir," she said, slowly.

"What! Is it possible that a young lady as pretty and attractive as yourself doesn't think of marrying and of settling down to cheer some poor fellow's heart and make him think that his home is an earthly paradise?"

"I do not think of marrying, sir," she said, with downcast eyes and the tinge of color glowing brightly in her smooth cheeks.

"By the way, Miss Grame, have you any enemies in Biddeford?" the deacon asked, suddenly.

Lydia looked astonished at the question.

"None that I am aware of, sir," she replied.

"I asked because I received a note this morning which evidently didn't come from a friend of yours. Read it," and the deacon handed Lydia the brief note written in the disguised hand.

The face of the girl flushed up red as fire as she read the communication.

"You see that doesn't come from any friend of yours," the deacon said, meaningly.

"I will not deny, sir, that I know your son—that he sometimes visits me, and that we have walked out together; but that there is any engagement between us is a falsehood. I hope you believe me, sir," and Lydia looked earnestly into the face of the deacon.

"My dear, don't run on so fast," the old gentleman said, good-humoredly, as he took back the note. "I haven't come to put you on the rack and cross-question you in regard to your intimacy with my son. Of course it was only natural, when I received this delicate warning, that I should wish to see what sort of a person Miss Lydia Grame was. That is the reason why I have taken the liberty to call upon you and make your acquaintance this evening."

"But you do not believe that the warning is true, sir?" Lydia asked, anxiously.

"My dear, it doesn't make any difference to me whether it is so or not. I don't ask you to say either yes or no. If my son has chosen to fall in love with you, all that I have to say is that he has shown himself possessed of remarkably good taste."

"Then if your son should like me

report," she said, anxiously: "at least, not on my side."

"If my son loves you, and you would make him a good wife—which from what little I know of you, looks probable—I trust that there may be some little love on your side, one of these days. Good-night," and the deacon departed, leaving Lydia a prey to conflicting emotions.

"But I do not love him!" she exclaimed, standing by the door, gazing out into the dusk of the twilight, and communing with herself. "I feel sure that I do not love him, and yet he is so worthy to be loved!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ADVENTURER AGAIN.

LYDIA stood by the doorway like one in a trance, her eyes were fixed upon the ground and rapidly the busy thoughts flashed across her brain.

"He is so worthy to be loved," she repeated, slowly, "and yet I am sure I do not love him. Oh, there isn't any one in this world who could guess how strangely fascinating he is, and yet—I feel that I do not love him. But will the time ever come when I shall love him? No, no, no!" she cried, hurriedly; "I must not think of that; I must not even dream of such happiness being in store for me. I must be on my guard against him, or some day I may wake to the knowledge that I do love him, and then there will be nothing but misery for me hereafter in this world. It must not—it shall not be!" and the girl shut her white teeth firmly together, and over her face came a hard and cruel look. For the moment she looked ten years older.

"Ah, Lydia, enjoying the breezes of the night?" said a well-known voice. The speaker had approached so softly that the girl, deep in thought, had not heard his footsteps.

Lydia's face plainly showed the pain she felt, for the speaker was Daisy Brick.

Brick opened the gate and came into the garden. Lydia had not moved, but stood like a statue in the doorway.

"What a deuced strange girl you are!" Daisy exclaimed, as he came up to her. "You don't even say 'How d'ye do' to a fellow."

"Why have you come here again?" demanded the girl suddenly, and her eyes glared, and the big veins in her white temples swelled out like knotted cords.

"Are you going crazy?" demanded Brick, in astonishment.

"Why have you come here again?" repeated the girl, her voice forced and unnatural.

"To see you, of course, since you insist upon an answer," he replied.

"Will you never leave me in peace?" the girl exclaimed, despair plainly written on her white face.

"Who the deuce wants to disturb you?" ejaculated Brick, disdainfully. "It's a great pity, I think, if I can't come and have a quiet chat with you once in awhile, without your kicking up such a row about it."

"What do you want now?" the girl asked, plaintively.

"Don't want any thing in particular," Brick replied, shortly.

"I can't give you any more money—"

"Wait till I ask you for it," he interrupted, quickly.

"Oh, go away!" she exclaimed.

"Shan't do any thing of the sort, and don't you be a fool. I don't intend to do you any harm. You'll see before long that I'm the best friend you ever had."

"You a friend?" Lydia exclaimed, in a tone of withering contempt.

Even the redoubtable Daisy winced at it. He was not utterly without feeling.

"See here, don't you be so confounded sarcastic!" he exclaimed. "You cut right through a fellow with that icy tone of yours, just like a north-east wind. Why, Lydia, you make me feel quite uncomfortable; you don't say much, but your manner suggests a good deal, and I am so quick of apprehension, that, really, I would greatly prefer that you should speak in a more pleasant manner."

"I don't wish to see you at all," she exclaimed, quickly. "You know very well that your presence brings nothing but pain to me."

"Lydia, my charmer, it's our duty in this life of ours, to bear pain sometimes," he said, lightly; "but you take such a wrong idea of this matter. You are here all alone, a stranger among strangers; so am I. Being old acquaintances, it is only natural that we should come together—for mutual advice and counsel, say. And from what I have heard from the village gossip, I rather think that you will need the advice of a cool, clear-headed friend before long."

Daisy's manner implied a great deal more than his words.

"What have you heard?" Lydia demanded, suddenly, the vivid scarlet spots burning in her cheeks.

"That a certain gentleman is very much in love with you, and that you are very much in love with him, and the first letter of his name is Sinclair," Brick exclaimed, jocosely.

"I can not keep people from talking," Lydia said, slowly.

"Who wants you to?" Brick cried, in amazement. "Let 'em talk—does 'em good. Now, my dear, I've come to give you some good advice; so let us go into the house where we can sit down and talk quietly and calmly."

"I do not want your advice!" the girl cried, hotly.

"But you must have it, my dear high-spirited angel," Brick replied, placidly. "Come!" And he mounted the step and attempted to place his arm around the girl's waist, but she shrunk from him as though there was death in his touch.

"Oh, I ain't a snake!" Brick exclaimed, rather out of temper. "I'm not going to bite you; you needn't jump as though your precious life was in danger."

"I can not bear to have you touch me," she said, in a tone of aversion.

"Oh, indeed! Well, now, I never should have guessed that, if you hadn't said so!" Brick exclaimed, with profound sarcasm.

Then, a little out of humor, he walked into the parlor, and Lydia followed slowly.

Brick took possession of the rocking-chair, with an air of intense satisfaction.

"They may say what they like about New England; the people down here know how to live and enjoy life," he exclaimed, in a confident tone. "I've made up my mind to stop in these parts for some little time, and so I hunted up for some little time, and what the old woman who keeps it, Mrs. Sparks, don't know about cooking, ain't worth knowing."

Lydia's heart sunk within her at his words. She had tried to forget him and

his visit, and had fondly imagined that she would not be haunted by his presence.

"By the way, Lydia, my dear, you may as well light a lamp, if there is one in the room; I hate to talk in the dark," he said.

Lydia did not reply, but lit the lamp, which stood on the mantelpiece.

"And, now, sit down, my dear," Brick continued—the girl was leaning on the mantelpiece—it looks so awkward to see you standing there."

She went quietly, and seated herself in the nearest chair.

"There, that's better!" he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. "Now we can have a cosy chat together. A moment since you wounded me greatly. You insinuated that I had come to get some money from you. My dear Lydia, how could you wrong me so?" and Daisy shook his head, mournfully.

"True, I did borrow a small sum from you on the occasion of my last visit, but, as I explained to you at the time, I was under a cloud; that cloud has now lifted. I am now in business on my own account, thanks to the loan received from you."

Lydia looked a little bewildered; during her acquaintance with Daisy Brick, she had never known him to exhibit any business qualifications whatever.

"By the way, if any one should happen to see me in conversation with you at any time, my name might be asked. I am known here as Daisy Brick. I am not sailing under false colors at present, for, odd as it may appear to you, that peculiar appellation is really my name."

"What can it possibly matter to me?" Lydia said, with an air of weariness.

"Oh, nothing, of course, for I suppose that the feelings which once animated your breast for Lord Alfred Vere de Vere are dead and gone?"

"Can you ask that question?" the girl said, slowly.

"There was hardly a need of it, but still it is as well that we should understand each other. When first we became acquainted you were under the impression that I was an English lord, of high descent and of unlimited wealth; now the truth is that I was born in a poor-house—a pauper by birth, and a thief by breeding. You once had an idea that I was going to bestow on you an unlimited amount of wealth. That idea proved to be a delusion only, but, now, I don't mind that you will look upon me with amazement, when I tell you that I have a scheme in my head which will make your fortune. You are poor, and work hard all day long in a dingy mill for just about enough to live on. You shall be rich, ride in your carriage, enjoy all that wealth can purchase."

"Do you ever read the Bible?" asked the girl, suddenly.

Daisy looked thoroughly astonished at the question.

"Well, I can't say that I read it much, now," he replied. "But what has that to do with us, I should like to know?"

"One passage reads, 'get thee behind me, Satan!'"

Daisy winced, for the shot struck home.

"You are extremely complimentary, my dear," he said, a little annoyed.

"Only the truth."

"The truth should not be spoken at all times."

"An evil saying used by evil men for bad purposes," she exclaimed.

"You think, then, that, like the Prince of Darkness, I am promising what I can not perform, when I tell you that I can give you wealth? You see I do remember something of the Book."

"You may be able to do what you say, but I fear that the price will be a terrible one."

"Oh, no, it will be extremely cheap; only to marry the man you love."

Lydia looked at him with a piercing glance.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

OR,

THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "IRONSHED, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A BUFFALO CHASE.

THE day was two-thirds gone. The sky was clear and the sun shone hot and sultry. The great Nebraska plain lay glimmering with waves of heat, as though an internal fire was burning beneath its surface.

A herd of buffalo along a small stream that found its way into the Platte river, was the only living object to be seen upon that plain. The shaggy beasts were panting with heat. Some were wallowing in the creek, others lolling beneath a fringe of willows, while others still were rummaging about in the tall grass with restless impatience. They seemed to rest in perfect security, for not even a skulking coyote was to be seen.

Far away upon the crest of a prairie wave, however, a pair of black eyes were eagerly watching them. They were the eyes of an Indian warrior. But, why should he be watching the buffalo?

He kept his black, covetous eyes upon them for several minutes, and when he had assured himself that they had not detected his presence, he turned and crawled away through the grass, and when the crest of the hill concealed him from view of the buffalo, he arose to his feet and continued a few paces further on, when he came in sight of a band of mounted warriors drawn up in line in the valley below.

With his hand the Indian motioned to them, whereupon the whole party, numbering some thirty, galloped up the hill and drew rein before their scout.

The latter quickly communicated to them the position of the buffalo, and the way by which they might be approached as near as possible, without giving the alarm.

The savages were not all red-men. There were whites and half-breeds in the party, but they were no less savage and brutal-looking than their companions. They were all well-mounted, and their trappings showed that they were a hunting-party. Some carried rifles, others lances, and a few carried lassos of raw-hide.

No sooner had the scout given the situation of the herd, than the whole band moved cautiously around the hill, thereby availing themselves of every possible screen that would enable them to approach nearer the buffalo without being seen. As they were to the leeward of the herd, they succeeded in getting within two hundred

yards of them, when an old bull detected their presence, and with a snort, he dashed along down the creek with a low bellow, arousing his companions from their noon-tide siesta.

Then forth from the cool shade of the willows and the water, the buffalo went pouring in one continual stream, their hoofs sounding like the sullen roar of thunder. For fully a mile along the creek the huge, shaggy beasts came charging out from among the willows with a snort and bellow, and swept away over the plain like a mighty wave, rising and falling with the undulations of the great prairie.

With whoop and yell the savages gave pursuit, pressing their animals forward at the top of their speed.

For over a mile the chase continued with but little advantage to the pursuers, for upon such a hot, sultry plain it was impossible for either man or beast to exert themselves to their utmost for a great length of time. And among those thousands of shaggy forms it was impossible for the weaker ones to hold out with the stronger, and soon the pursuers saw that stragglers were falling in the rear. There were both cows and calves among the lagging, but the latter were the most desirable of all for food.

The savages pressed on, and two or three fine fat calves were soon secured, but it was a grand hunt, and not until darkness fell would the race close.

The herd spread out over the plain with a front of a mile, and as the shadows of evening came on and the air grew more vibrant, the pounding of the hoofs on the plain fairly shook it to its center.

Still the hunters pressed on. One by one the herd fell. The trail lay strewn with carcasses; some had been shot and others impaled with lances. The chase once over, the hunters will go back and secure the most desirable of them.

The shadows of evening began to fall. Twilight deepens into darkness. Still the chase goes on, but, one by one the savages have dropped off, until there are but three or four now in pursuit. One of these is a white man—a large, burly fellow of giant strength. He carries a heavy lasso in his hand, and his eyes are set upon a fine young bull. He has been watching it for some time with the intention of lassoing it.

In their headlong flight the beasts dash through a marshy slough, and the feet of these brave rangers slip into such a mire that a number of the stragglers were "swamped."

Here the white renegade was successful. The object of his eye sunk partly in the mire, and before it could extricate itself, the fatal noose had encircled its neck. He then learned, for the first time, that it had been the object of two or three of his companions, who rushed up to claim it. But, the renegade's claim was undeniable, and he forbade his friends slaying it. It was his, and he would have the reward of leading it back to the camp alive, as a witness of his skill with the lasso.

This was something new as well as novel, and his companions assisted him to secure the young beast while it was still tangled in the meshes of the rope and the mire.

At this juncture a new party of savages made its appearance, coming from the east. There were about a dozen of them, and friends of the hunters. In their midst was a white prisoner.

It was Old Shadow.

An understanding was at once had between the two parties. Many and dark were the scowls of hatred cast at the old hunter, and a murmur of vengeance was upon every lip.

After some further consultation, one of the late party of savages arose to his feet and addressed the warriors in words of great eloquence. Old Shadow was the subject of his speech, and he proved to be the identical savage that the Avengers had bound upon the back of the horse in the defile of the Iowa bluffs. He recognized Old Shadow as the author of that perilous ride, and called the attention of his friends to his arms and legs, where the thongs had bruised and cut the flesh.

A howl of vengeance burst from the crowd as he concluded his speech, for he was a warrior of no little distinction, and was regarded as the most daring and skillful horseman in the whole tribe.

"Let Swift-Rider say what shall be done with the pale-face villain," said one of the hunting-party.

"Let him be punished by the plan his own brain invented to torture me," replied Swift-Rider, glancing at the young buffalo struggling in his bonds.

A cry of approbation burst from every lip. Even the voice of him who claimed the buffalo acquiesced in the punishment.

"Dad darn yer red pictures!" Old Shadow exclaimed, indignantly, "yer a pack of wrangling, maw-mouthed dogs and cowardly coyotes! I can lick the hull caboodle o' ye and not ha'f try."

Two or three savages seized him and dragged him rudely toward the buffalo, at the same time uttering terrible threats, in which "scalp-knife" sounded the most ominous to the hunter.

"Wal," he said, "who keers what ye do, ye blubber-heads. Ye needn't make so much noise about a little thing as this."

A blow warned him to keep silent, which he managed to do, but it was more trying to him than the idea of being bound upon the buffalo's back.

He was dragged into the slough and thrown rudely across the animal's back face upward, and his head resting near the beast's shoulders.

His arms were drawn backward in a painful position and firmly lashed with a strong lasso. His legs were bound in a similar manner; then a rope was passed over his breast and around the beast, thus doubly securing him.

After adding a few triumphant taunts and jeers to their cruel work, the ropes that held the young buffalo a captive were severed; then the beast's haunches and sides were pricked with the keen points of knives, and smarting with this inhuman treatment, it struggled to its feet and plunged furiously forward with a bellow of pain and fear.

A few desperate lunges carried it from the slough onto solid ground. Here, by mad caving and leaps, it tried to dislodge its rider, but in vain.

A yell of savage triumph burst from the lips of the red-skins, and filled the animal with affright. The next instant it was thundering at a breakneck speed over the prairie, with its helpless human burden.

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the old hunter, "this is a little more than I keer about. I'm afraid, Ole Shadler, this'll set ye up. But better this way than in the hands o' them varlets. Ya-h, bluffer!"

ya-h, have mercy—have feelin', and go easy! I know it's no trouble to tote a ole shadler like me—ya-h, bluffer, for God's sake, easy!"

But the terrified beast was unconscious of his entreaties for mercy, and with new terror at sound of his voice, it sped on and on.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FEARFUL CHASE.

FOR a moment the Avengers hesitated, filled with no little surprise and fear. That deep, thunderous noise rolled nearer and nearer, and not until they had heard a savage yell did they discover it was a mighty herd of buffalo being pursued by dusky hunters.

"It is buffalo, boys," said Ralph St. Leger, "and I am afraid we are directly in their path."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Omaha, "there are many buffalo coming, but they will pass us to the west. We are in no danger."

This assertion was found to be correct. The vast herd swept close past them and on away into the darkness that hovered over the great plain.

The prairie fire by this time was coming down rapidly on their left, and blinding volumes of smoke were settling over the plain. No time was to be lost, and so the Avengers swept rapidly on.

At one time it had been full of water, but the hot suns and dry winds had evaporated it until there was but a small pond left in the center of the basin.

This wallow would afford them an admirable retreat from the prairie fire for themselves and animals, and so they at once entered it and rode down as close to the water as possible.

Dismounting, they watered their wearied ponies, then picketed them within the "wallow" by means prepared by their former owners.

They now ascended from the basin to its edge to see what progress the prairie fire was making. It was still over a quarter of a mile away, but a slight breeze was rising and carrying it along quite rapidly.

Nothing could be seen of their late foes. All was silence and gloom save where the fire stretched its lurid length across the plain.

For several minutes the Avengers stood and gazed in silence upon the fire that came steadily on until it was less than a hundred yards from them. Then they turned to retrace their footsteps to the center of the basin, but, at this juncture, a sound broke forth on the stillness of the night.

They stopped and listened. To their ears came a human cry, mingled with the pounding of hoofs upon the plain.

The Avengers seemed rooted to the spot. They listened with blank amazement stamped upon their faces.

Again that human cry waivered, but upon the night-air. The ponies in the wallow pricked up their ears and sniffed the air with affright.

"By Heaven! some one is perishing in the flames!" exclaimed Fred Travis, excitedly.

"Hark! I hear hoof-strokes," added St. Leger.

He had scarcely spoken, when, forth from the darkness into the light of the burning prairie, rushed a fearful sight. It was a black, shaggy mass—a beast whose hooved feet beat loudly upon the plain. It was a solitary buffalo. His eyes were glowing like coals of fire, his nostrils were dilated with terror, his tongue was lolling out, and white foam stood upon his flanks and was flying in flakes from his side. He was mad. He rushed between the Avengers and the fire. He was not over twenty paces from them. They could see the terrible expression of his eyes, and upon his back they saw a human form!

They could see it was bound there, and they could see the cords that held it. The light of the burning prairie flared across the upturned face. It was haggard and rendered ghastly in the glare of the flames, yet they recognized it. It was the face of their dear friend, Old Shadow!

"To horse, boys!" cried Death-Notch; "it is Old Shadow! To the rescue!"

Not a word was added. Each man flew to his horse, and in a moment was mounted and in hot pursuit of the buffalo and its helpless rider.

Far over the plain, deep into the labyrinth of darkness, pressed the Avengers, close upon the heels of the maddened buffalo.

The prairie fire was left far behind. Only a red glow in the heavens could be seen; and only the moving shadow before them guided the Avengers in their pursuit.

It was a wild, fearful midnight chase.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

IT was daylight, and the morning sun shone from a cloudless sky, bathing the great plains of Nebraska in its golden radiance. A clump of cottonwoods on the banks of the Platte river, which found its way across the plain with the slowness of a serpent, was the only object that broke the sameness of that prairie ocean. But, as the morning advanced, a little party of horsemen appeared upon the plain from that clump of cottonwoods, and heading toward the north-west, rode away at a slow pace.

They were white men, and ten in number. They were the Avengers. In their midst was Old Shadow. He was well and unharmed, and, though somewhat bruised and sore, was as full of life and jollity as ever.

He had been rescued from the buffalo's back by his friends after a long and painful chase; and now he spoke of the adventure as one of the most perilous of his life on the prairie.

The party was following the trail of the Indians, who it had every reason to believe had Sylvén and Vida captives.

Fred Travis and Death-Notch rode in the rear of the main body. They did not enter into the excitement of their adventures with the same freedom as their companions.

The sweet, fair face of Vida—innocent and child-like in her purity of heart and mind—was ever appealing to the heart of young Travis in captivity and suffering.

While to Death-Notch, fear, anxiety and suspense were two-fold, because he had both Vida and Sylvén to share his affections and love.

Not one of the Avengers, besides Fred and Omaha, ever mistrusted Ralph St. Leger of being Death-Notch. Fred had kept the fact a secret from his friends by Ralph's request. In the mean time he had preserved a close watch upon the youth's movements. At times he saw he acted a little strange, but Ralph seemed to be able to control that demon of madness that at times took entire possession of him.

"I have great hopes," said Death-Notch to Fred, as they journeyed on, "that we will come up with the main column of savages soon. At the further extremity of this prairie a range of wooded hills sets in, and in among them I believe the Indians will pitch their lodges."

"In case they do," responded Fred, "it will make our chances of rescuing our friends all the more difficult, will it not?"

"True, Fred; but, when we find our friends are alive and captives, we will have time to calculate our chances of rescuing them. There will be some way to effect their release. If not by stratagem, perhaps we can make a charge into their camp, and then, if we fail, and a smile played about Ralph's lips, "perhaps Death-Notch will make his appearance and help us out."

Fred almost shuddered, but managed to conceal his emotions from Ralph, and said:

"Do you feel as if you were going to have one of your attacks?"

Ralph laughed in a low, pleasant tone. "Not in the least," he said. "It is no mental debility, Fred, but just the result of an ungovernable passion—an exciting mind and revengeful spirit. You have no doubt seen men laboring under the same spells as I do at times. You have seen them become irritated, and let their passion run away with their judgment, and while under these fits of madness, they will do things—even commit murder—for they have no control over their actions. This is my case exactly, though I can excite myself into these passions when I try. Yet it takes no effort of my own to make me mad with revenge when I see before me one of those accursed savages that slew my friends."

"Your hatred of them must be very bitter," said Francis.

"It is, Fred; so much so that I would like to exterminate the whole Sioux race. But I must break myself of this vindictive spirit of revenge and ungovernable passion, or I will never be worthy of the love of Sylvén Gray. But, I never told you why I hate the Sioux so. A few years ago my father was a rich planter in the South, and had a happy, pleasant home. There were three children of us, two girls and a boy. We had received a very liberal education, when father took the 'northern fever' and concluded to try his fortune on the rich prairies of the North-west. He came up to look at the country, and made known his intention to the few whites he met in the territory. He was encouraged in his intentions by a young man, then a resident of the country, and not only did he extol the advantages of the land, but pointed out to father a beautiful location. But father objected to this on the grounds of its being too near the Indians. To set aside all fears from this source, he took father to the head chief, from whom he received a promise of everlasting friendship. Father came north upon these assurances. He had a large amount of money and stock, which, of course, he brought with him, but no sooner had we become located than the Indians, led by the very white man who had encouraged father's emigration West, attacked our home. Father was slain defending his family. Mother, sisters Olive and Vida and myself were taken captives. Olive was a young woman then, but Vida was a little girl. For a long, long time we were kept prisoners, and during that time tongue can not express the hellish torture to which mother and Olive were subjected. The meanest slaves of the South were never treated as they were. Day by day they were made to toil their lives away, and I was a witness of it all. But death finally ended their suffering, and, as I gazed down upon their cold, emaciated faces, expressionless in death, then, Travis, I took that oath that made me Death-Notch, and I believe Heaven justified my course. However, it was a long time before I escaped with Vida from the Indians' stronghold, but when I did, I began my work, and from then dates the working of Death-Notch, the young Scalp-Hunter. In the mean time I met Sylvén Gray and loved her. My love being returned, we met often, though I never went to Stony Cliff. But, now, I feel as though I should give up all for her. I have been leading, not only for my own sake, but the sake of those who love me."

"Yours has been a hard fate, Ralph, as well as singular," replied Fred; "but I hope you will have no occasion to endanger your life again, and that fate has something better in the future for you than it has had in the past."

"I hope so, too, Fred, but, whenever and wherever I meet that treacherous white villain that betrayed my father to the Indians, he shall die."

"He deserves to, Ralph, if he has not met his just dues ere this."

"No, he has not, unless it has

From a commanding point they were enabled to see into the new town, that was lighted up with numerous glowing campfires.

The location was a good one, affording many natural defenses. A high escarpment of rugged hills encircled it on three sides, cutting off approach from these points.

On the fourth side the river guarded the approach to the valley, yet there were narrow passages between the river and hills, giving access to the valley. But these passages the wily old chief had doubly guarded, and he rested under the self-assurance that he had at last found a retreat in which he need have no fears of an enemy, however strong.

The almost impregnable situation of the village impressed itself upon the minds of the Avengers, and filled them with a feeling akin to despair.

Hundreds of camp-fires showed them the interior of the camp. Warriors were strolling about as if to familiarize themselves with their new village; children played in groups here and there, while the squaws—the slaves of the great warriors—were busy with their usual drudgery.

The Avengers strained their eyes for a sight of their captive friends. They saw nothing but a few white men, and these they knew were renegades, for they enjoyed all the liberties of the camp.

"I see no captives, nor chance for us, boys," said Amos Meredith.

"There must be a chance for us," replied Ralph St. Leger; "we must make a chance, if our friends we find are prisoners in that encampment. If they are, we must release them at all hazards; but if they are not, and have been slain, I shudder to think what will follow at my hands."

"And ours, too," said several of the Avengers.

The little band continued its reconnaissance for some time, then they returned to the place where they had left their horses. Here they spent the remainder of the night, and on the following morning began a detour around the village to find an entrance to the valley.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 136.)

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XVI.—Grasses of the Prairies.—A Good Grazing Country.—Birds of the Rocky Mountains.—Timber.—Mineral Wealth.—The Pima Indians.—Their Economy.—The Pima Year.—Population.—Pima Customs.—The Use of Digger Indians.—Are they human?—Pison Arrows.—A Digger Paradise.

On the west side of the Arkansas river, and between it and the Rocky Mountains, there are three distinct species of grass found. The first is the short, curly variety, called buffalo grass, from the fact that they are particularly fond of it. The second kind is the grama grass, which is, I believe, indigenous to only this section of America. Its stalk grows about one foot in height, and near the top it gives off, at right angles, another stem, which is usually from one and a half to three inches in length. From this stem hang clusters of seeds, which are well protected by a hard, shell-like covering. It is said, and my own observation confirms the fact, that horses will leave grass, such as corn and oats, to feed on this grass; and it is possessed of wonderful nutritious qualities. Wild oats and peas abound in the mountain valleys. Along the low, swampy land which skirts the rivers of the plains, there is yet another species of grass, which often grows several feet in height, and has a broad leaf similar to that of the flag so common in Eastern States.

On approaching the mountains the blue grass is found which is of the same variety as that found in Kentucky and nearly all the Western States. The bunch grass, so common on the northern plains, and about the upper Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, is sometimes met with in the valleys of New Mexico, where it grows to an immense height; but in the low lands it is so rank as to be utterly useless, being too tough for animals to eat. Strangers, when journeying in these parts, often make the mistake of selecting camps in this tall grass, being deceived by its thrifty appearance; but one night thus spent will usually satisfy them of its value.

On the plains of the South-west there are but few wild-flowers; but, as you approach the mountains, they greet the eye in extensive beds, and, like "Joseph's coat," are of many colors. As a grazing country, the Rocky Mountains can not be surpassed. The timber here is poor in quality, and comprises pine, cedar and cottonwood, with occasional patches of scrub-oak bushes. Most of the rivers in the mountains are formed from melting snows and springs, and they come tumbling down through gorges and rocky canyons, until they are free in the valleys, where they form bold and beautiful rivers. The speckled trout, now getting so rare in the brooks of New England, abound in these mountain streams, and it is a singular fact that in most of these streams the proverbially "sly trout" treat the presence of a man with perfect indifference, which has led me to believe that in their primitive state they neither fear man nor beast. The Indians catch them in enormous quantities, and it may be that the fish is first frightened by them.

In the Rocky Mountains, south of the head-waters of the Arkansas, comparatively speaking, there are but few small birds and squirrels. The raven, the crow, the hawk, the owl, and occasionally the eagle, are seen. Wild geese, ducks and cranes are common. Pigeons, including the wild dove, are seldom seen, and it is somewhat singular that the common blue pigeon, wintering in the Carolinas and Tennessee, and summering in the Northern States, has not yet found its way beyond the "Great River." The magpie is found in abundance. Turkeys, pheasants, grouse and quails are plentiful. A man may travel for days and weeks amid the Rocky Mountains, and never hear the musical notes of a bird; and here the rattlesnake is seldom found, except in the valleys where it is warm. In warm weather, the deer, elk and antelope of the plains live in the mountains; but, when the cold weather sets in, they are driven out by the deep snows, and must seek the fresher herbage of the valleys.

The pine trees of the Rocky Mountains bear a small nut, which is called by the Mexicans *pinon*, which, when cooked, are quite pleasant to the taste. There are many salt lakes in the mountains, and I have

often seen marshes where the ground was covered by the salt deposit. The mineral wealth of this section is very great; rich mines of gold, silver and iron ores are abundant throughout the whole range. Nearly every stream carries down in its floods that precious metal, gold; but in such small quantities as not to attract the attention of most of the miners.

In the old Spanish records of the expeditions made to the Gila river during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, special reference is made to the Pimo, or, as the Spaniards call them, Pimos Indians. Savara, an excellent authority respecting the Indian races of Sonora, having spent much time among them, says the Pimos, Maricopas, Cochans and Mojaves are all "Indians of Montezuma," in proof of which he refers to one custom common to all—that of cropping their hair across their foreheads, leaving the back to fall its full length behind. This statement is corroborated by the Pimos of the present day, who proudly boast of their descent from the Montezuma. The most interesting fact in the history of these people is that as far back as the records extend, they lived as they do to this day cultivating the earth, showing a direct affinity with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Alarum, who visited the great valley of the Colorado, in 1540, mentions that it was cultivated to considerable extent by tribes having a fixed residence and permanent abodes. Unlike the Apaches and the mountain tribes to the north, who live a wandering and predatory life, the Pimos have always manifested a friendly disposition toward the whites, and seem much devoted to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising.

In consideration of their industry and amicable conduct toward Americans, the Government of the United States, in 1859, caused a reservation to be set apart for them, embracing all the lands which they had in cultivation at the period of the acquisition of Arizona. It embraced one hundred square leagues of arable land, most of it susceptible of irrigation. The length of the reservation is about twenty-five miles, the breadth, four, and the river Gila runs through it from one end to the other. Three large acequias take their head near the upper boundary, one on the north, and the other on the south side of the river, two miles below Sacaton. These, with their various branches, comprise nearly five hundred miles of well-defined acequias, and extend over a tract of land eighteen miles in length. We have authentic history in proof of the fact that, for three hundred years the same land has been under cultivation, producing two crops a year, without manure or renewal of any kind; yet it continues as productive as ever. It is probable that the deposits left by the water are of a fertilizing nature. The return in wheat is twenty-five fold. The season for wheat-planting is December and January. Tobacco and cotton, which flourish with remarkable luxuriance, are planted when the meadow leaves put forth—generally about the first of March. The summer rains commence about the 25th of June, by which time the wheat harvest is over, and corn is planted in the same ground; also pumpkins, melons, and other vegetable products requiring great heat and moisture. Considering the rude system of agriculture pursued by these people, and the indolence of the young men, who seldom do any thing but ride about and gamble, it is remarkable what crops they have produced on this reservation.

The number of Pimo villages are ten: Maricopas, two; separate inclosures, one thousand; population, six thousand. In 1869 they furnished the Government with six hundred thousand pounds of wheat, and disposed of about one hundred thousand pounds made into flour and sold to miners and traders. Their crops were smaller than usual, owing to the breakage of their main acequia in a critical period of the season, and in January, 1864, they were nearly out of wheat, but still had a good supply of other products.

The Pimos have always proved themselves good warriors, and have been uniformly successful in resisting the incursions of the Apaches. Their village offered almost the only protection to American citizens in Arizona.

On the death of a member of the tribe, his property is fairly equitably divided among his people. If he be a chief, and possessed of fields of corn and cattle, his death is a windfall to the community. The villagers are summoned to his burial. Over his grave they hold a grand festival. The women weep and the men howl, and they go into a profound mourning of tar. Soon the cattle are driven up and slaughtered, and everybody, heavily laden with sorrow, loads his squaw with beef, and feasts for many days. All the effects of the deceased become common property; his goods are distributed; his fields shared out to those who have need of land; his chickens and dogs divided among his tribe; and his widow is offered by public proclamation to any man who desires a wife. If she be an able-bodied woman capable of doing much work, she is generally consoling within a few days by another husband, though custom allows her to howl for the last until the conventional day covered with grief are satisfied. Marrying a wife with a fat-covered face, having his inconveniences, the new husband is also permitted to wear tar, which doubtless has a tendency to cement the union. The bows and arrows, blankets, beads, paints, jew's-harp, and other personal effects of the deceased are buried with him. The body is placed in a sitting posture, with the face toward the sun. Over the grave sticks and stones are placed, and thus he is left to his last long sleep.

THE USE OF DIGGER INDIANS. These Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable beings who inhabit the continent; their bag-like covering is the scantiest description, their food revolting; the puppies and rats of the "Heathen Chinese" being almost Epicurean, when compared with a Digger bill of fare. They eat lizards raw, or with no further preparation than jerking off the reptile's tail. To obtain this description of food more readily, many of them carry with their arms a sort of hooked stick, not unlike a long cane, which they use in capturing them.

The hair of these Indians is long, reaching nearly to their middle, and almost as coarse as the mane of a mule. Their faces are perfectly devoid of any intellectual expression, and—save the eye, which is exceedingly keen—their features are nowise remarkable. The traveler can not but notice a strong similarity to a wild beast, both in their manners and appearance. I have repeatedly observed them turning the head from right to left, quickly, while walking,

in the manner of a prairie-wolf. In voracity they bear a greater resemblance to an anaconda than to a human being—five or six of these Indians will sit around a dead horse, and eat until nothing but the bones remain. Unlike the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, they steal your animals, not to ride, but to slaughter for food, and a loss of this kind is rendered doubly provoking to the trapper, from the fact that they pick out the fattest stock. They sell their own children to the Californians, to obtain some addition to their scanty supplies.

It can not be denied that there is some excuse for their failings in these respects; the miserable country which they inhabit is incapable of supporting them, and the surrounding tribes, who occupy the more fertile portions of this region, look upon these outcasts with a suspicious eye, and are unrelenting in driving them from their hunting-grounds.

The arms of this degraded tribe consist of a bow of uncommon length, the arrows headed with stone; these last they sometimes poison. The liquid which renders their arrows so deadly is a combination of the rattlesnake poison with an extract which they distill from some plant known only to themselves. This plant appears to possess the qualities of the fabled Upstree, as the noxious vapors exhaled by distillation act so powerfully upon the producer as to destroy life. It therefore becomes a matter of some moment to decide upon the individual who is to prepare the yearly stock of poison for his tribe. It would naturally be supposed that the dangerous office would be shunned by all; but on the contrary a yearly contest takes place among the oldest squaws as to which shall receive the distinguished honor of sacrificing her life in the cause, and the conflict ends in the appointment of the successful competitor, who does the work and pays the penalty.

The paradise of a "Digger" Indian is a dead mule or ox by the wayside, upon which they will feast until but the skeleton is left. The only anxiety of a "Digger" man of this tribe who is about to commit the folly of matrimony, is, whether or not the bride expectant has a good supply of dried grasshoppers.

About this tribe there seems to hang a strange fatality. Very few female children are born, and a majority of those that come into the world die from starvation and want in infancy. But a few years more and the remorseless tide of immigration will have swept this poor specimen of humanity from the face of the earth.

Scattered over the great region west of the Rocky Mountains, and south of the Great Snake river, are numerous Indians whose subsistence is almost solely derived from roots and seeds, and such small animals as chance and great good fortune sometimes brings within their reach. They are miserably poor, armed only with bows and arrows, or clubs; and as the country they inhabit is almost destitute of game, they have no means of obtaining better arms. In the northern part of the region just mentioned, they live generally in solitary families; and further to the south, they are gathered together in villages. Those who live together in villages, strengthened by association, are in exclusive possession of the more genial and richer parts of the country; while the others are driven to the rudier mountains, and to the more inhospitable parts of the country.

Roots, seeds, and grass, every vegetable that affords any nourishment, and every living animal thing, insect or worm, they eat. Nearly approaching to the lower animal creation, their sole employment is to obtain food; and they are constantly occupied in struggling to support existence. But in all their squalid misery they can not approach the horrid wretchedness of the Pi Ute or Digger Indians of New Mexico and the Plains.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 139.)

Eph Mulat.

BY FREDERICK H. DEWEY.

"WELL, gentlemen, if you want to hear it here goes," said our driver, as we left the hills and bowed off over a level plain.

I was driving the mail-coach then, between Skeleton Rock and Indian Head. As I walked into the station-room at Skeleton, one night, I heard a party of ranchmen talking about Eph Mulat's doings up at Ingun Head. Mulat was a regular robber, one who waylaid every thing, from a coach or emigrant-train down to a "Pike," traveling on foot. He had been pretty lively for a month or so, and then he had eased off, and for a week no one had seen or heard any thing of him. But one feller, that come from above Ingun Head, said when he was last seen he had a dozen men with him, which was a large force for Mulat. Well, hearing all this talk, and a lot more in the stable, I determined to give him a fight if he should try to take my mail, a thing never done on my route.

"As I mounted the box as the horses were changed, a man with his face muffled in a cotton handkerchief sat beside me. He said he had the toothache, when the ranchmen ordered him to pull it off, as there was no knowing who a man was those days.

"It was nearly dark when we started off, the men letting my passenger have his own way about his face at last, and when we had crossed Sixmile Creek it was black as ink. (The night, I mean.) He had not opened his mouth once, and seeing he wasn't likely to, I spoke. 'It is pretty dark to-night.'"

"No answer; unless the chew of tobacco he took was one. It was big enough, anyhow. I tried again.

"Mulat's on the road again, raising thunder."

"Though this was so, I thought he might deny it, and so got up a conversation. 'He only laughed; but such a laugh! It seemed to thrill through me, the horses and coach, and sing sleepily off in the air. Again I spoke.

"Did your parents teach you to talk, or did you forget how? He was still as death. 'That riled me, so I thought if he didn't want to talk he needn't, so I just left him alone.

"We had got about five miles further when he pulled off his handkerchief, revealing his squalid face, and looked around. We were passing Stout's old ranch, a lonely, deserted place, looking mighty dismal as we came out of the woods into the prairie, and into the light of the moon which had just risen.

"We had passed the log-dwelling, and were opposite the old barn, when he quietly said: 'Whoa!'

"I drew up, and he turned half around in

his seat, looked me square in the eyes, and asked:

"Joe Davis, do you know me?"

"I hadn't got over being riled, so I retorted:

"How do you know my name? And then thinking, perhaps, he might be Mulat himself, I felt for my revolver. Quicker than wink he had his under my very nose, and he chuckled again.

"Joe Davis, do you know me?" and his eyes snapped.

"Seeing he wasn't to be fooled with, I told him:

"Did you ever hear of Kit Heath?" I am the man, and he lowered his revolver.

"Heard of him. I guess I had. I hadn't heard of any thing else since I came on the route. Everybody was talking about Kit Heath and his pard Jack Westerfield. Gentlemen, they were the sharpest, 'cutest' scouts that ever drank alkali water.

"Heath kept looking me square in the eye, and, after a bit, said, pointing over his shoulder: 'That man behind you is Jack Westerfield.'

"What man behind me? I turned around. Gentlemen, I don't know how he got there, but there he was, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, quiet as a mouse, gazing straight at me. I didn't feel over-comfortable between these men, though better men never breathed. Heath spoke after a moment, quick and right to the point.

"You know us. We will stay here until you come back to-morrow night. Eph Mulat will ride down with you from Lone-tree prairie. No matter why or wherefore he comes, he added quick, as I was about to speak.

"He is coming, and that is enough for you. Make him sit on the box with you, but don't let on you know him. He won't hurt you. Keep him with you outside. Mind what I say. When you get here, walk your horses and crack your whip. That is all."

"He began to get down, but stopped with one foot on the wheel. 'If you go back on us—well, you have heard of Heath and Westerfield.'

"He dropped to the ground, stood still, and told me to drive on. As I started I looked back. Westerfield had disappeared. He was chain-lightning, that fellow, and still as a mouse about his business.

"I did not feel quite so easy that night. Why Mulat should ride on a stage was a mystery to me, as he always kept close hid. And, then, how the scouts knew all about his movements was a puzzle. I flashed on me that they might be in league with him, but the next moment I called myself a fool for the thought. I thought that they wanted me to keep him on the outside so they could pick him off with their rifles, and I didn't like the idea. They might hit me, though they were dead center with the shooters.

"Why didn't they go to Lonetree and catch him?"

"These thoughts kept flashing through my mind until I reached Lonetree. I looked sharp then, for there had been several attacks on the mail here by this dead ash. But nothing happened, and in two hours I was asleep at Ingun Head.

"Next night, at sundown, when I mounted the box, and took the lines from Bill Butler, I looked inside, but there was no one there. As no one got on at the station, I knew I would have an empty stage all through, as no one lived between my two stations.

"That put me in a fix, for how was I to stage off Mulat, for I knew he would ride inside to keep out of sight, though there wasn't much chance of meeting any one. Trying to frame an excuse, I drove away, and kept busy studying, until I got to South Fork, where I watered the animals.

"While they were drinking, a thought popped into my head, and I almost cheered. I drove into five feet of water, and remained there long enough to thoroughly drench every thing inside.

"Now, Mr. Mulat, you won't stay inside long," chuckled I, as I trotted merrily along the bank.

"I now kept a sharp look-out for Lone-tree, and after awhile I could distinguish it, rather larger at the base than usual. It was Mulat leaning against the trunk.

"He waved me to stop, at the same time saying, 'A passenger.' I dismounted.

"All right, Cap! Just step inside," I said.

"I opened the door, and in he went. I jumped on the box and drove away. I had not gone a hundred yards when I heard him kicking and pounding for me to stop. I pulled in the reins. He bolted out, swearing horribly, and mounting the box with me, sent me to the infernal regions about a dozen times in succession. 'I inquired, innocent enough, 'What's the matter?'

"The only reply was a flood of oaths, and while he was talking I examined him as well as I could in the moonlight.

"He was a burly ruffian, with little snapping eyes and a sinister countenance. His belt was stuck full of knives and pistols, and he was a man that used them nearly every day. Before I had completed my examination, he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, folded his arms, and apparently went to sleep, though I knew he watched every motion of mine.

"That ten miles to Stout's seemed like fifty that night. I was afraid every moment that he might want to keep one of his knives in practice by taking a slice or so out of me, but he remained motionless, and, to all appearance, fast asleep.

"We at last gained the summit of a slight rise, and I saw the ranch gleaming in the moonlight not a hundred yards away. No one was in sight, but the old ranch seemed ten times gloomier than usual. I kept a sharp look-out from under the rim of my hat, and nothing was to be seen but the old abandoned log-house gleaming and winking in the moonlight. I looked at Mulat. He had not stirred.

"I watched the buildings. We were opposite the barn, and it was time to walk the horses.

"I drew them in and cracked my whip. Mulat stirred slightly, but was quiet again. We passed the barn and house, and I was beginning to think there was something wrong, when a voice at my very elbow growled: 'Eph, Mulat!'

"I turned, but the robber was quicker. He turned just in time to see the gleaming barrel of a revolver pointed right at his eye.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the driver, bringing his fist down on his knee, "there was that wild-cat, Westerfield. He had softly mounted the stage, the deuce knows how (for there was no trunk-rack behind), and here he was, down on his knees and one hand, sighting over his revolver at Eph Mulat off of equal distance between them."

"Eph. didn't stir. He knew better. But he spoke only once.

"By—," Jack Westerfield, you've got the drop on me!"

"You bet I have," answered Jack, never stirring. Just then the horses stopped. I looked ahead. Heath had stopped them, and was now standing by the coach with his revolver spotted on Mulat. 'Take off Mulat's playthings!' he commanded.

"I took the knives and pistols from his belt.

"Hand 'em to me! I passed them down.

"Westerfield spoke to the highwayman. 'Get down!'

"He obeyed."

"Now march! And he pointed to the ranch.

"Mulat obeyed, closely followed by Jack, who still kept his revolver on him. Heath remained by the coach. 'Drive on!' he said.

"Although fearfully interested in the proceedings, I had to obey. When I looked back, at the edge of the forest, Heath was still standing in his tracks, watching me. The last thing I saw as I entered the forest was Heath, still as a stump, in the road, and the robber, closely followed by the scout, tramping slowly up the long-forgotten path and into the dark door.

"I had driven about a mile when I heard a solitary pistol-shot, dull, and in the direction of the ranch. 'Ah! Eph. Mulat has passed in his chips.'

"Next day I came along up the hill (this one, gentlemen, and the ranch ain't far away) and was met at the top by Heath. He rode down to the ranch with me, when Westerfield came out.

"I asked about Mulat. Heath pointed toward a body surrounded by buzzards, under a tree. He had gone, sure enough, and 'passed in his chips.'

"When I drove away, I had a brace of silver-mounted revolvers, worth fifty dollars, given me by the scouts. I can't tell any thing more about it, for the rest is a mystery."

"But Jack Westerfield was more than man, in my opinion, for he climbed on that stage twice, without my knowing it, when the least jar made the old boat rock like a cradle.

"I don't like to tell yarns with mysteries that are not explained, but that is a fair sample of how business was done in the West, ten years ago. Get up, Tom!"

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EPITAPHS.

TRANSCRIBED BY JOE JOE, JR.

A LAWYER'S.
Stranger, if he who lies beneath
When all your hopes looked dim,
Did plead before a court for you,
Stop here and plead for him.

A DOCTOR'S.
This slab is but the doctor's slate,
To tell to generations,
That he's professionally called
Away to see his patients.

A BARBER'S.
He kept a keen edge on his blade,
And closest shaves he gave;
If ever he gets through The Gate,
'Twill be by a close shave.

A SHOEMAKER'S.
He waxed unto a good old age,
When he cordoned right fast;
He found his thread of life used up,
And calmly breathed his last.

AN ARTIST'S.
He took a splendid photograph,
His pictures would not dim;
He took an awful whooping cough,
And death came and took him.

AN EDITOR'S.
He left no copy of himself
When he was called and went;
Alas, that this epitome
Should now be out of print!

A SOAP-MAKER'S.
Here lies beneath this crumbling stone
A victim of death's flashes;
Let soap that he's at rest, and say
Peace be unto his ashes!

A FARMER'S.
With faithfulness he hoed his row,
And then he leaped the fence,
And passed into another field,
When corn was 90 cents.

A HUNTER'S.
He kept the trail of all things good,
His aim was always true,
His gun went prematurely off,
And he went with it too.

Lucia.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"If I fail, then I fail, that is all!"
"And, mark my words, you will fail!"
"But when did Howard Davenport turn
prophet? Does 'the sunset of life give him
mystical lore?"

"No, Lucia Darke; but, 'coming events
cast their shadows before.'"

The wondrously beautiful woman smiled,
and turned again to the Venetian mirror be-
fore which she was standing, while the
snowy-bearded man walked to the unique
gas-jets and relit his cigar. And then,
stepping beyond the mirror's reflection, he
folded his arms in a theatric manner, and
fastened his eyes upon his companion, who
was arranging her golden hair after the lat-
est fashionable model.

"She is beautiful; she is subtle—a Cleo-
patra, and a Medici; but she will not suc-
ceed in the plots nearest her heart. She
shall not succeed; there!"

Quicker than thought the Houri at the
mirror turned upon the old man, and her
dark eyes emitted sparks of fire as they
flashed upon his somewhat startled face.

"So you are going to sting the bosom that
has warmed you?" she cried, and dropping
the pearl-mottled comb to the rich Brussels,
she stepped toward him, with clenched
hands.

"No, you were not aware that you spoke
your thoughts aloud," she interrupted him.
"But your heart would not keep them back.
It tore them from your mind and hurled
them to your lips. Howard Davenport, if
you wish, this moment you are a free man.
We can get another Lear. I thought you
were a man; but I have found that you are
a viper."

"The people shall not be disappointed,"
said the old man, quickly, but not without
emotion. "I shall play my engagement
out, and then, if you wish it, Lucia, I will
leave the troupe. But, girl, Lucia, reflect
upon what you would do. In my time I
have seen the failure of many cherished
plans."

"But I have witnessed the success of as
large a number, and you are old enough to
be my grandsire," she said. "I am sorry
now that I opened my head concerning the
matter, but you have aided me in every
thing till this hour."

The old man did not speak.

"Howard Davenport, what is Gerald
Webb or Ariadne Fulton to you? Tell
me!"

Her tone was imperative.

"I never saw them till yesternight," he
answered. "Lucia Darke, they were created
for each other; how can you have the heart
to upbraid them?"

"You have been with me long enough to
know that I have the heart to do any
thing," she said. "I say that I shall become
Mrs. Gerald Webb, even though I force him
to the altar over Ariadne Fulton's crushed
and bleeding heart. I have sworn to do
this! I, Lucia Darke! do you hear me, Lear?
and if you cross my path, I will bring
your old hairs in sorrow to a tearful
grave. So, Howard Davenport, beware!"

She flung the last words into his
face, and so close had she approached to
him, that her coral lips touched his thick,
white beard.

He did not reply, but a pallor of fear shot
across his face, and, angrily flinging his
half-smoked Henry Clay through the open
window, he strode from the apartment,
without even bidding the desperate woman
adieu.

"He dare not work against me!" she
cried. "He knows what I can do with him.
But why is he concerned about them? De-
spite his words they are something to him.
But I am not to be baffled. He was created
for me—not for that doll-faced thing he
loves; and when I have tired of him, I will
cast him off!"

Lucia Darke ceased; but her face wore
the hue of ashes when she returned to the
mirror. She had resolved upon something
desperate, and she was a far more desperate
woman than the Crescent City people deem-
ed her. For many nights her majestic per-
son of Cordelia, in King Lear, had filled
the greatest theater in New Orleans to
overflowing, and her fame and beauty had
become the theme of every tongue.

One night she caught sight of a handsome
face in one of the private boxes, and she
declared, in the glow of her passionate Ital-
ian nature, that she had encountered her
affinity. But Gerald Webb, the stranger,
cared not for the beautiful star, in the
smiles of the lovely being at his side. He
praised her acting, called her beautiful; but
she did not draw him from Ariadne Fulton.

But the subtle, the dangerous "Cordelia"
was weaving her snares, and fast laying
them for the noble game she would bag.

She was resolved to succeed, and what
lies would not do, the pearl-hilled stiletto
in her boudoir should.

"He shall be mine!" she hissed, when
she saw him in the private box, the night
following her quarrel with Howard Daven-
port, her Lear. "If I can't step into the
place now filled by that doll-eyed charmer
at his side, I will seek the water that kisses
this city!"

And from a place behind the scenes old
Howard Davenport looked at the lovers,
and murmured:

"Yes, yes, he is Eva's son. Lucia Darke,
you shall not succeed!"
It was truly diamond cut diamond.

The "Lucia Darke Troupe" fell to pieces
in the Crescent City. Some of the mothers
sought engagements in other cities; but
Lucia and Howard Davenport remained in
New Orleans. The adventuress removed to
the most fashionable quarter of the city,
while the man whom she had dubbed viper
—the man who had raised her from poverty
to fame and affluence—took up his abode
at the St. Charles. He sought the company
of Gerald Webb, and, whenever his eyes
beheld the young man, his form trembled
with strange emotion, and more than once
a tear fell from his white beard.

Surely the rising merchant was something
to him, yet he had declared to Lucia Darke,
that, when he reached the city with her
troupe, he looked upon Gerald Webb for the
first time.

Lucia, by her subtlety, forced herself into
the marked man's presence, and tried to
lure him from his love. He came to her
side, but a moment later, as it seemed, he
turned to Ariadne again, and thus heaped
up new hatred in Lucia's heart against his
tropic flower.

"I will not turn to him again until I shall
have removed that woman from my path!"
hissed beautiful Lucia Darke, one day, as

Ariadne Fulton was a maniac!

When her father returned to his rich
home he found his only child's mind com-
pletely gone, and she sat on the sofa, talk-
ing about angels, flowers, birds—every
thing. She failed to recognize her parent,
and she called her dearest friends plants
that bore noxious flowers.

It was a terrible blow to the dotting
father, and Gerald Webb recoiled from the
sad scene with a deep groan and a stare,
that boded ill for the peace of his mind.

"How did this come about?" cried Lucia
Darke, when she found herself alone. "She
said the liquid would kill, for it had killed
in Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples. But
she is as good as dead! Tartini's poisons
know no antidote; they—Hark! The
bell!"

Trembling like a storm-shaken reed, the
guilty woman answered the summons, and,
to her surprise, admitted Howard Daven-
port, whom she had not seen for many
weeks.

"I've come to say good-by," he said, in
a strange tone.

"Where are you going?"
"To Italy."

Lucia's cheeks slightly paled at this, and
she stretched forth her hand.

"Shall you return?"
"I don't know. There's a crazy woman
in the city, they say."

Lucia feigned surprise; but Howard Daven-
port read her heart, pressed her hand,
and withdrew.

"Yes, Lucia Darke, I'm coming back
again," the old man murmured, when he
found himself on the street. "I'm going to
Italy for something—yes, for something that
cures crazy people."

The next day he sailed from New Orleans.

During the months that followed the
crime just witnessed, Gerald Webb formed
good opinions of Lucia Darke. She seemed
a ministering angel in his hour of grief, and
at last the people said that he would soon
lead her to the altar. Ah, it seemed as

The Dellorme Estate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Very well, Miss Octavia. Pray under-
stand distinctly that I wash my hands of
the whole affair."

Miss Ruby Dellorme, spinster, folded up
her knitting work (she was forever knitting,
and this time it was unbleached yarn socks
for a newly-widowed old beau of hers),
and looked very reprovingly at bright little
Octavia Dellorme, who sat, very uncon-
cernedly by another window, basting linen
for her sewing-machine.

As Octavia just snatched a glance at her
elder sister's lugubriously solemn face, she
involuntarily laughed.

"But, Ruby, have you stopped to think
how it would place me if—if—oh! Ruby,
it is all so hateful to me. Just suppose Mr.
Frank Vivian—I'll never call him cousin,
after the way he has defrauded us—just
suppose he finds out I've been to Vivian
House to spy out how he lives—"

"Octavia! you shall not put such a con-
struction upon my meaning. Why can you
not say I wish you to go to Vivian House
during your cousin Frank's absence on an
European tour, and learn from observation
whether the money he defrauded us of
makes him happy or miserable? I hope he
is miserable," added Miss Dellorme, senior.

Octavia laughed.

"I am sure I hope so, too; but I don't

"Come in, will I? Indeed I will, Ruth,
for I've come to stay a fortnight. Now, let
me tell you a little secret plan of my own
that not even sister Ruby knows of. And
mind, Ruth, I depend on you to help me."

The drawing-room at Vivian House was a
truly regal saloon, and as Octavia lay cosily
back in one corner of the orange-satin *fer-
tail*, she thought to herself how good a
thing it would have been if Frank Vivian
had staid dead—where everybody had sup-
posed him for the last ten years. Then, all
this elegance would have been her own and
Ruby's, while now the only satisfaction left
her was to scold and berate her cousin
Frank to the quite agreeable young sur-
veyor who had been at Vivian House a
week or so, engaged with a landscape
gardener, in beautifying the park.

This bright, hot morning, Octavia looked
very beautiful and cool as a lily in her
white Swiss dress, made so simply, and its
sheer gauziness relieved only by a light-
green silken tie at her fair throat. She
knew she looked well; she knew she had
arranged her hair, and attired herself espe-
cially for this grave, quiet-going surveyor's
benefit, for two reasons. One, he was the
only eligible admirer at hand, and Octavia
was a thorough woman, and liked to be ad-
mired; the other reason—and she felt a
little quiver of her nerves as she vaguely
acknowledged the truth—this other reason
was, that had there been dozens of admirers
at hand, Octavia would have preferred Les-
ter Thorne's approbation to them all.

Now, she heard his step coming, blithe
and quick on the marble floor of the hall,
and then he entered the room.

A plain—a very plain—man, of the aver-
age height, with a fair face, and blonde
whiskers, and hair that was just a little
scant, and wore cut very short and close to
his magnificently shaped head. His eyes
were light—a keen, intelligent hazel; his
mouth was expressive, being both gentle
and decided in the curving of the lips.

A man who impressed you at once with his
truthfulness, his refinement, his knowledge;
and the man who (here comes the key-stone)
had fallen in love with Octavia Dellorme.

And Octavia?

She arose from her graceful position as he
crossed the threshold, and smiled him a
welcome, as he came across the room to her.

"Remain just where you are, Miss Dell-
orme. If you knew how well you looked,
you would."

"If my good looks depend upon these
elegant surroundings, there is no need of
my caring how they become me, seeing that
I leave them so soon. Oh, Mr. Thorne, do
you know, sometimes I fairly hate my
cousin Frank?"

He could not help smiling at her pretty
vehemence.

"Is that fair, Miss Dellorme? Ought you
to dislike him because he has kept you from
ownership in this?"

Octavia blushed a little under this grave
rejoinder.

"Well—I don't know," she said slowly.
"I fear I have enough natural depravity to
really wish he had been dead—"

"And enough candor to confess it," inter-
rupted he, with his admiring eyes on her
beautiful face.

"Oh, that's no virtue. Besides, I never
have seen him, and, honestly, Mr. Thorne,
I don't want to. I only came because my
tyrannical sister made me, to find if he were
misusing grandpa Vivian's money. And
when I go home to-morrow, I shall tell
Ruby I am sure cousin Frank is an orderly,
methodical, refined—"

Mr. Thorne interrupted her by a merry
laugh.

"Really, he will feel honored when I tell
him what his charming cousin says of him."

"Tell him! oh, please, Mr. Thorne, don't
tell him! I wouldn't have him know, for
all the world, I had been here."

Octavia's eyes were full of a beseeching
light, and she laid her hand on Lester's
arm; and he, with a sudden tender gravity
of manner that sent strange thrills over her,
looked her steadily in the eyes.

"Miss Dellorme, you have asked me a fa-
vor: I am selfish enough to refuse to grant
it, until I have a favor awarded that I shall
ask. Octavia—I there, you know it—you
must know how I have been worshipping
you ever since you came! Octavia—my
answer—what is it?"

And when Octavia went out from Vivian
House, she wore a golden ring that Lester
Thorne had placed on her finger, as a seal
of their betrothal.

"I am glad he has grace enough to write
to us at last," said Miss Ruby Dellorme,
as she folded up and placed in its envelope
a letter from Frank Vivian.

"What does he say? He's not going to
divide his money with us, is he?"

Octavia laughed as she asked the question
so indifferently.

"Oh, you can afford to laugh and be in-
different, now that you have Mr. Thorne's
consoling letters; but to my queer way of
thinking, if you'd married Mr. Vivian,
now—"

"But I won't, you see, sister mine. What
else does he say?" Octavia sewed quietly
on, evidently not anxious to hear what was
in the letter.

"He says he may possibly come and re-
new his acquaintance with me, and see
what you look like. He invites us to spend
next summer at Vivian House."

Octavia's eyes brightened.

"Oh, that'll be splendid! Don't I hope
Lester'll be there! I mean to ask cousin
Frank when he comes; I'm sure he'll invite
him."

"And so am I."

It was the voice of a third party that an-
swered, and the sisters sprang up in amaze-
ment.

"Oh, Lester!"

"Why, Frank Vivian?"

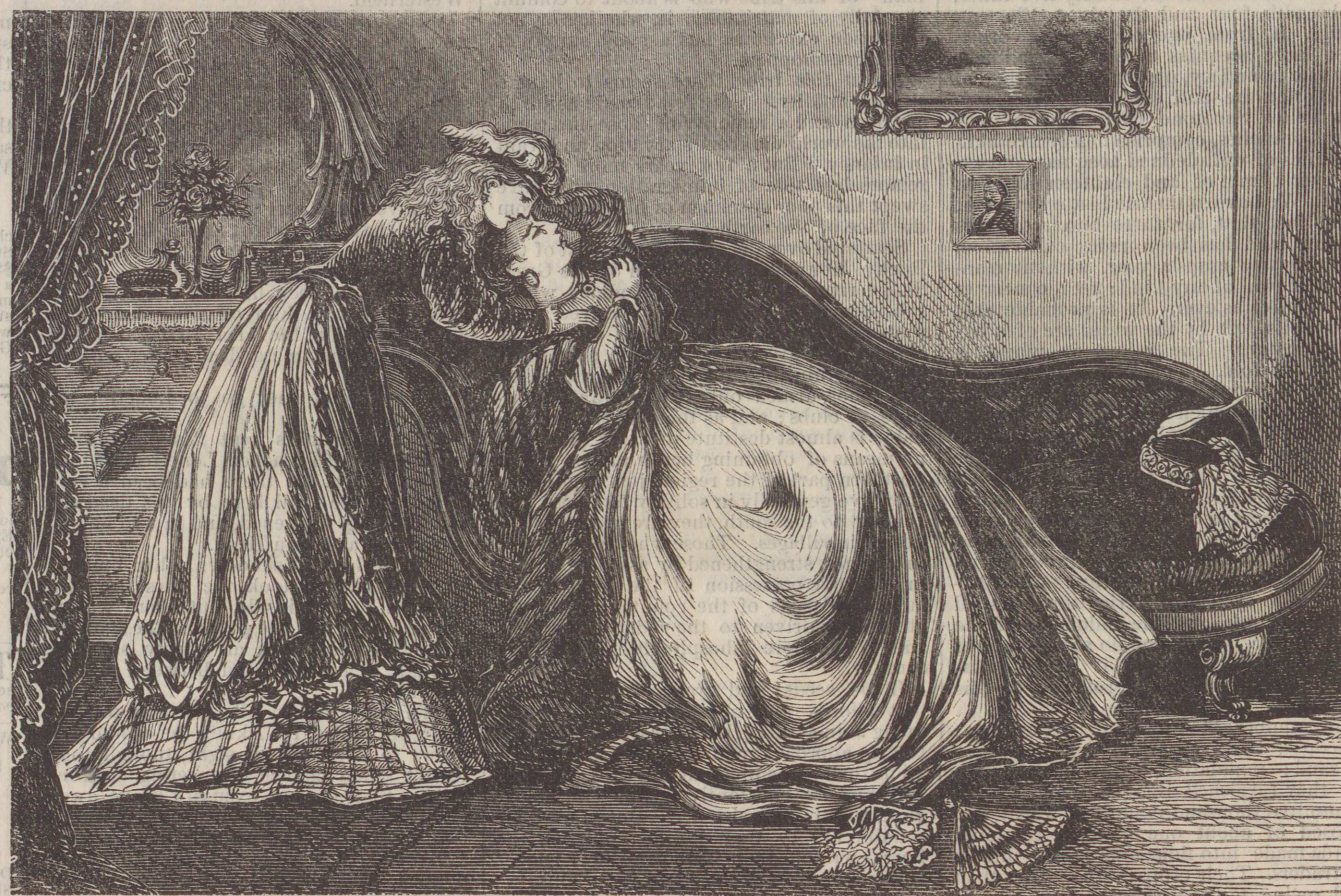
So the two greeted him, while he stood
laughing at their surprise.

Then he gave his hand to Ruby.

"Cousin, can you forgive me for the de-
ception I practiced on your sister? She
will, I know—won't you, my darling?"

"I had not the slightest intention of do-
ing so, until I heard Ruth, my porter's wife,
and this saucy Octavia here, laying their
plans to entrap cousin Frank when he came
home. So Mrs. Ruth and I entered into a
counter conspiracy, which was easy enough,
as the entire corps of servants were new and
strangers to me. Besides," he added, glanc-
ing roguishly at Octavia, whose sweet, de-
lighted face would have enlivened any man,
"I really thought it a good way to di-
vide grandpa Dellorme's property. Don't
you both agree?"

The happy family circle at Vivian House
answers his question in the most emphatic
positive.



LUCIA.

she paused on the stoop of a fashionable
residence in New Orleans.

It was the home of Ariadne Fulton.

She entered without knocking, for she
knew that her beautiful enemy was alone,
for her father sat in his counting-house, and
the servants were celebrating holiday in
different parts of the city.

Her fair face was heavily veiled, and she
was clad in habiliments in which she had
never appeared in society.

She entered the building with a boldness
ever characteristic of the wicked woman,
and ascended to Ariadne's boudoir, as noise-
lessly as the serpent glides through the
damp grasses. The door was slightly ajar,
and, entering on tiptoes, Lucia Darke beheld
Ariadne Fulton reclining upon a rich sofa,
apparently asleep.

A smile of satisfaction stole over the in-
trigante's features, as, throwing aside her
veil, she advanced to her victim and found
her fast asleep. The doffed riding-hat told
her that Ariadne had lately returned from
a canter through the city, and that, fatigued
by the exertion, she had courted the drowsy
god.

"Now!" and the word was clothed in
bitter triumph. "Now, Ariadne Fulton, I
hurl you from my path. I said that I should
become Mrs. Gerald Webb, though it be
over the dissipation of your sunshine. Ha!
ha! this is a new way of winning a hus-
band; but it shall prove an effective one."

With the last word, she turned to the
dressing-stand, and drew a tiny vial from
her bosom—a vial which she had brought
all the way from Venice, the Island City—a
vial which she thought contained that
which would still the heart and destroy life.

For a moment she shook the grayish
contents of the receptacle, and then, with-
drawing the glass stopper, returned to the
sofa.

Ariadne Fulton still slumbered, uncon-
scious of the venomous eyes that flashed
their fire upon her face; unheeding of the
poison so near her lips. The desperate in-
trigante had nerved her arm for the deed
intrusted to it; and as she quieted, with
her right hand, Ariadne's pet spaniel, which
had left his rug for his mistress' embrace,
her left raised the vial and held it over
the coral lips!

"One—two—three—four—five—there!"
The vial was withdrawn, and Ariadne
showed no signs of consciousness.

"He is mine now!" exclaimed Lucia,
as she paused at the door, and threw a fare-
well look at her victim. "Thus they rid
the world of rivals in sunny Italy, and thus
I force my way to the altar at the side of
the man I adore. Ah! Ariadne Fulton, 'tis
a pity that thou wert ever born."

Then she closed the door, and glided
from the mansion, unperceived.

That night one of Lucia's associates com-
municated dreadful tidings to the scheming
actress.

though he had forgotten the poor girl in
Herbert Fulton's home; but he loved her
even while he asked Lucia for her white
hand. He was dazzled by her eyes; fasci-
nated by her arts.

One night in June—the night before his
wedding morn—he sat in his room, ransack-
ing a small box which contained old letters,
trinkets of jewelry, portraits on ivory, etc.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, as he drew
forth a tiny portrait, set in mother of pearl,
"oh, that thou wert living now to witness
the happiness of thy child. Thou hast been
sleeping among the flowers many years;
but thy last words still remain unfulfilled.
Thou saidst that father would come some
day. Father, father, where art thou?"

"Here!"

Gerald Webb started up with a cry, and
beheld Howard Davenport standing before
him.

"What! you my father?" he said, and
"I am. Bare your arm, boy," he saw that
"The cross is there! mother tattooed it
in my flesh as I lay in the cradle."

"Then you are truly my boy," cried the
old man, starting forward. "I was far
away when thou wert born, Gerald. Lies
estranged thy mother and I, but she wrote
me that a bright-eyed boy had come to cheer
her life. She died when I was on the sea,
and thou wert thrown upon the world.
Peace to her ashes! I have just returned
from Italy—and, thank God! I am in
time—"

"To see me wedded, father," said Lucia,
"No, to save you!"

"What! I am ruined?"

Then Foster Webb—Howard Davenport
no longer—told his new-found son about
the woman whom he would wed on the
morrow, and Gerald seized her letters—
missives which had blinded his eyes—to the
floor, and trampled them under his feet.

The morrow came, and there was no wed-
ding. Foster Webb bent over poor Ariadne
Fulton. He had brought from Italy the an-
tidote to the crazing poison. She recovered
slowly, and with returning health, her
beauty, too, came back. Oh, how Gerald
Webb watched her recovery! and while he
sat beside her couch, a ship bore the adven-
turess across the ocean. She had eluded
the officers of justice, and, steeped in crime,
she ended her days in Italy.

Ariadne fully recovered her reason, and
to-day is the fond wife of Gerald Webb,
one of the merchant princes of the Cres-
cent City. "Howard Davenport" kept his
word; he baffled Lucia, the adventuress,
and saved his son a life of misery.

HE is most secure from danger who,
even when conscious of safety, is on his
guard. The man who is prudent and cau-
tious is generally secure from many dangers
to which others are continually exposed.